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STANDARD EDITION {You MUST cross out!} DE-LUXE EDITION

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Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS

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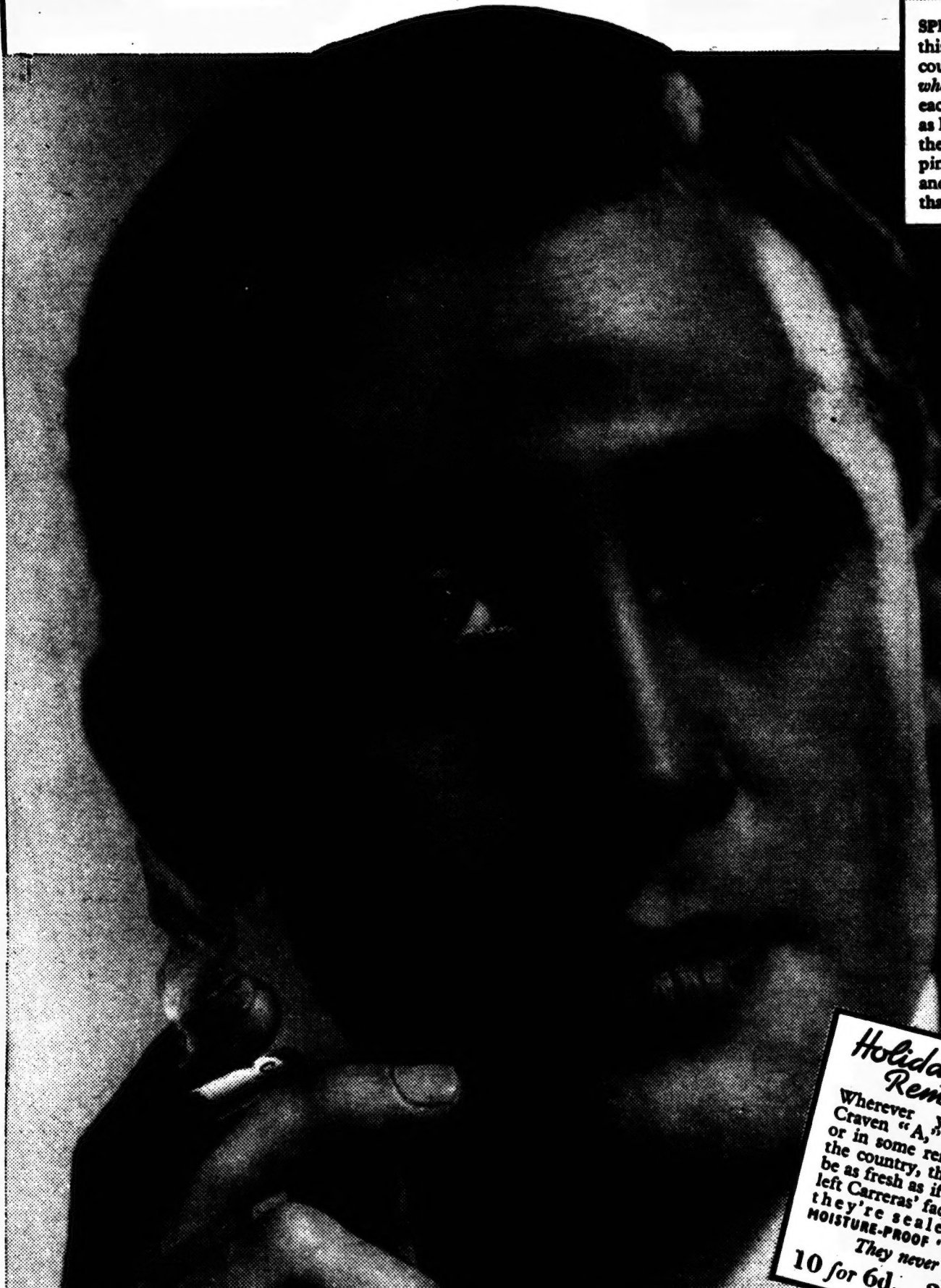
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SEPTEMBER 5, 1936. Twopence.

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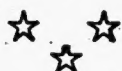
What's WRONG with the Boy Scouts?

It came as a bit of a shock to most people recently when they heard that the Boy Scouts membership in England was falling off—last year the decline was over 12,000.

True, this decline is not of sensational dimensions so far, and it is chiefly confined to London and a few of the large provincial towns. It has not extended to Scotland and the country districts are scarcely affected.

But if the drop in numbers happens to be symptomatic of some internal trouble, it is obviously going to spread rapidly unless the cause is removed—and removed quickly.

We consider it would be a sad thing for the boyhood of this nation if the Boy Scouts movement loses its strong grip on the imagination of the young idea.



Undoubtedly the movement is the finest and most important of its kind since the beginning of the century. It was well conceived by Lord Baden-Powell, well organised, and well carried out.

It appealed to the spirit of adventure that is latent in all normal boys and cleverly made use of their ineradicable instinct for going about in "gangs."

It has inculcated the qualities of self-reliance and community service into the minds of millions of boys. The Boy Scouts' "One good deed a day" is a phrase that has passed into the language.

Indeed, so popular has the movement been among British boys for over twenty years that there are comparatively few homes in the country in which some man or boy has not belonged to it during some period of his life.

What, then, is the significance of the present decline? Does it mean that the whole structure of this splendid organisation is threatened?

Those in control at least thought it important enough to set up a Committee of Investigation which has now issued a report.

Lord Baden-Powell himself has said: "I fear there is the danger that a kind of synthetic Scouting may creep into our training."

"Synthetic" is a curious word to use. It can mean only one thing—that in Lord Baden-Powell's opinion the Scout movement is suffering from over-organisation. If that is so, it is a danger that cannot be too quickly averted.

For from excessive organisation and discipline it is but a step to regimentation. And from regimentation it is a dangerously short way to militarisation.



That anything approaching a military spirit should creep in to spoil this movement with its fundamental tenet of international brotherhood is the last thing the founder himself would wish—or any one else who has the welfare of the Boy Scouts at heart.

The Investigating Committee's report alludes to "veterans" who resist new ideas as one of the causes of the decline. There is, in fact, a considerable amount of dissatisfaction among the younger leaders at headquarters. If asked, these

younger officials would, to a man, declare emphatically, "The Chief is a thousand per cent." The trouble seems to be with just a few at Headquarters—men whose lack of vision and imagination is keeping the right sort of boy and young man out of the movement.

Is it not a fact, for instance, that some of these diehards frown upon Boy Scouts going to the talkies.

Such an attitude is as stupid as it is futile. The talkies, like wireless, aeroplanes, and motor-cars, are a part of modern life. Youngsters are naturally keen on them, and we see no reason why they should not be and still be good Boy Scouts.

Another criticism is that there is too much of the "it's so nice for the boys" attitude in certain quarters. If this is true it should be stopped at once. It smacks of the worst type of Sunday-school "treat" of bygone years.

Romance and adventure are what these youngsters join the Boy Scouts to get, not something that is "nice for the boys." Moreover, it is what the Chief Scout intended they should get when he founded the movement. It is what they would get if it were possible for him personally to be in charge of every troop.

Again, is it not also a fact that some scoutmasters expect their boys to give up every other interest? Is it not the case that if the boys want to go to a football match or the pictures they are dubbed "bad Scouts"?

We believe this is the case, and we regard it as a grave mistake. The best kind of boy may be willing to attend Scout meetings six times a week just at first because his enthusiasm is fresh. But he will soon want to develop his other interests, and scoutmasters should not bar them.

This is to make of the Boy Scouts a self-centred, time-enslaving, and priggish movement which is far from the Chief Scout's original intention.

Another question we ask is: Do the young men who are willing to give their time to the movement always get the encouragement they



Scoutmaster: All good Scouts... eyes... RIGHT!

should when they put forward original, up-to-date ideas? Or are they too frequently considered "crazy"?

Admitted it is not always easy to find the right type of young men to become scoutmasters. The leader of a troop needs personality—the sort of personality that makes the boys say: "Gee, I wish I was like him." That sort of personality cannot be learnt from any book of rules. It can only be won from the game of life.



But Headquarters say they can't get the right type of leader. Is this the fault of the system?

Now that public attention has been drawn to the matter, JOHN BULL feels sure that every effort will be made at Headquarters to put matters right. We do not doubt that Lord Baden-Powell will see that this is done.

And if it means the clearing out of a few old men who have passed their usefulness and are not in touch with modern youth then they must go.

If they don't we shall expect to see that 12,000 decline become a bigger drop in the next year or two. And once a movement like the Boy Scouts loses its grip on the imagination of the boys of to-day and to-morrow, it will not be an easy task to stop the landslide. They won't, alas, always have the Chief Scout watching over them.

Playing into the Jaws of the Share Sharks

Shock for Radio Listeners

3s. a Week to Live On!

WE take pride in our long record of success in hunting down the City bandits who prey on small investors. Any plan likely to help in the extinction of these financial sharks would naturally have our unstinted backing.

Elaborate proposals for that purpose are now being discussed in the City, and the acceptance of them by the Government is to be advocated by chosen Parliamentary spokesmen.

But in our view this scheme will be worse than futile. It will open the door still wider to brazen roguery.

Licensing

The idea is that all share dealers—outside brokers, jobbers and bucket-shop operators alike—who are not members of the Stock Exchange should carry on business only under the licence of the Board of Trade.

The chief consideration for the issue of a licence would be the deposit with the State of a sufficient amount of money from which investors' claims could be met in case of default, in the same manner as insurance companies have to set aside a fund for certain contingencies.

All systems of companies and business State registration and licensing have failed in the past because, in the hands of Government departments, they become mere formalities and a mass of loopholes for the swindler and cheat.

For the worse

Licensing would only give the public a false sense of security. Fraudulent share dealers, it can be readily imagined, would not take out the licences in their own names, but in those of nominees and dummies.

Payment of the deposit required would be no hindrance to, say, the big scale alien company promoters and share-pushers who plunder in this country with impunity. They would part with it cheerfully and then proceed to carry on their bogus activities far beyond the limit to which their clients and victims would be covered.

And what joy would be in the heart of a bucket-shop proprietor who could add to his business sign and put on his notepaper and circulars the words "Licensed by the Board of Trade."

Absent chief

Within the last few weeks five spurious share-broking firms have started business in a distance of half a mile in the City of London. They appear to be separate businesses, but all are under one control.

They are directed by telephone from Vienna by a share swindler of international notoriety. The people at the offices of the five establishments are only clerks, any one of whom, under the new scheme, would be put up to have the licence issued in his name.

The police are powerless, because they cannot take any action against individuals who are clearly only paid servants of the crook in Vienna.

Experienced police officers have not been consulted about the new licensing plan. They regard it—as we do—with gravest doubts.

Our plan

If the authorities really mean to put a stop to the share-pushers, let them follow this plan:—

First: Set up a small central body of experts who would have the power to demand the identity of all persons in and behind every outside share-dealing business and to ascertain from its books the nature of the investments to which the public is being asked to subscribe.

Second: Make it compulsory for every outside share dealer to take out with Lloyd's or other insurance houses some form of comprehensive fidelity bond by which the small investor would be protected in every transaction.

The investigation by the insurance company would be the acid test. Formal licensing by a Government department could not compare with it as a means of establishing a public safeguard.

And our alternative will have the



"Licensed by the State" — what luck if it comes off!

approval of the highest police officers who specialise in the suppression of the share-pushing racket.

Mr. Hore-Belisha's latest

More guard-rails along pavements, more cycle tracks on busy roads are coming. The Minister of Transport is also likely to make all vehicles carry speedometers, though the very proposal is arousing a storm of opposition.

Well, we're on the Ministry's side in this matter. Why should lorries, buses and taxis be exempted from a regulation that private motorists (and quite rightly) have to observe?

Wireless shock

There's a nasty shock for some wireless listeners. It may be felt by many more if other authorities take the view of Bridgend Council that mains sets are "illuminated" rather than "heated" by electricity. This means that sets must be run on the lighting system instead of the much cheaper power supply, and the council threatens to prosecute householders who do not obey.

A nice point to argue, but in our opinion the council is wrong—and a little high-handed.

The limit

Examples of the piteous consequences of the new Means Test regulations are flooding in upon us.

This one seems to cap them all: A middle-aged ratepayer in Manchester, with a family, lost his employment and had to seek public assistance. It was granted after he had undergone the usual interrogations—including the question whether his father was alive.

The father lives in Worcestershire, a hundred miles away. He is seventy-eight years old.

Now he has been ordered to pay the authorities 4s. weekly out of his own meagre income towards the relief!

No reply

Then a man at Skewen, Neath, after satisfying the Means Test, has been allowed 3s. weekly to maintain a son attending a mining and technical school.

The boy is fifteen years of age, over 6 ft. in height, and weighs 13 stone.

The father has written to the Means

Test committee and to the Ministry of Health asking for advice how best to expend three shillings on the needs of a lad of this calibre.

Both are silent. And who can be surprised at that?

Secret revealed

We're sorry for the Highgate woman who, having lived happily with a man for forty-four years, has discovered through her old-age pension application that she is not his wife.

We are sorrier still that the secret has been revealed to all by the prosecution of the man for making a "false representation," though the summons has been dismissed.

The law must be observed, certainly, but it does not always need the police court to enforce it.

Broken pledge

Coalowners still try to get an extra shilling a ton from the railways. The railways still hold out, and we don't blame them.

Why? Because the public agreed to pay the extra shilling to raise miners' wages on the clear understanding that the owners would reorganise the industry.

That was many months ago, and ever since the owners have obstinately refused to support reconstruction schemes.

Higher profits

Moreover, their profits have jumped from 10d. a ton to 1s. 5½d. In other words, they could have afforded to increase wages without a dole from the public.

So once again they stand exposed of trading for their own ends on the nation's sympathy with the miners.

Blind marchers

We don't want to see that march of the blind on London, timed to begin in October. It is intolerable that the size of the grants made to the sightless should depend upon the generosity or meanness of each local authority.

And it should be possible to secure a national fixed rate without the blind having to march in protest from all parts of the country.

Urgent

We hardly need to be told by an official committee that a new road-and-rail bridge at Charing Cross is urgently needed. "Urgent" is a good word, see-

ing that the committee was asked for its views by Mr. Hore-Belisha so long ago as December, 1934.

The committee turns down the idea for a tunnel, and we hope no one will raise it again. Otherwise we may have to wait for a decision as long as in the case of Waterloo Bridge.

Ridiculous

A bus-conductor at Carlisle, instead of descending to take a packet of cigarettes from an automatic machine at 8.50 p.m., had them handed to him by a woman shopkeeper. She was fined 40s.

At 8.45 another shop assistant in the city sold twopennyworth of lard. Fined 40s.

And at 9.30 a third shopkeeper sold a pennyworth of hair wavers. Fined 40s. Is it any wonder that public administration is so widely held in contempt?

Great heart

Thanks to a reader, we can show you this little scene from real life:

Three ragged little boys loiter near a boot stall in Barnsley's market-place. A man watches them, approaches, takes them to the stall and buys each a pair of the best boots to be had.

The man is Herbert Smith, famous leader of the miners—and a great gentleman.

Jail them!

Glasgow magistrates, who recently decided to deal severely with street gangsters, are now divided on the question of fines or imprisonment as the most fitting punishment.

Considering the gangsters make a habit of collecting their fines from intimidated shopkeepers, we fail to see why.

A curio

Ten years after enrolling as a special constable, a Warwickshire man has been decorated with a medal bearing the King's head and inscribed "for long and faithful service."

He tells us that in the ten years he has only done two hours of duty as a "special"!

School hardships

An old, old school scandal crops up again. This time from Pennard, South Wales, where children have to walk five miles to and from school along lanes that resemble muddy streams in wet weather.

Parents demand a conveyance for the youngsters, and only heartless economists will think it an unreasonable request.

Well caught

Luck of one in a million is that of five-year-old Donald Hardy, of Worksop.

He screamed as he fell out of a bedroom window, three storeys high. A man on the ground floor heard him, rushed into the yard and caught him before he reached the ground. Result—Donald unhurt, the man knocked over and shoulder injured.

But if you saw that on the films, would you believe it?

Coconut crime

More exasperating than amusing is the statement that even coconut shies are illegal. It is particularly unfortunate that more attention seems to be paid to the little amusements of the people than the heavy gambling of Society folk.

Every little helps

We used to have a crippled reader who, before he died, did much good work in supporting hospitals by selling cigarette cards which he collected. His mantle falls upon the wife of Doctor Harmens, of Addlestone (Surrey), whose collection of cards in the past year totals 80,000.

Mrs. Harmens helps to support two cots in a London hospital and is helped by people all over the country who send cards to her. Readers who have asked us about their collections will now know where to send them.



THE arms race is on. Defence expansion has become "expansion." And millions of your money—for it is your individual contributions that are paying for it all—might just as well be thrown down the kitchen sink.

This is the situation at the moment—only a few months after the introduction of Mr. Chamberlain's "Arms Budget." Millions of money are being wasted on the outcome of petty squabbles in Government departments, between officialdom on both sides of Whitehall.

More millions are going into the pockets of the professional speculators to whom the arms race has brought the biggest opportunity for profit-taking since the war.

More millions are being spent in excessive rents which ruthless landlords are demanding for Government factories.

More millions are going to the usurers who will have their pound of flesh (and an ounce or two over for makeweight) out of their loans to industry in this time of "national crisis."

The panic rate at which air rearmament is being forced along is already causing serious misgivings among the more responsible sections of Britain's aircraft industry.

To gain supremacy in the air we are actually building thousands of machines to designs six, eight, ten years old—machines that are utterly useless for any other purpose than front-line or Colonial policing, and not much good for that.

They are single-motor, two-seater biplanes which experts grudgingly admit were suitable for Army co-operation purposes—ten years back. Even for these comparatively simple jobs they are to-day hopelessly antiquated.

No pilot, as one aeronautical expert has said, should be asked to fly over the mountains of the North-West Frontier of India or over the bogs of the Sudan in a single-motor aeroplane which will let him down if some minute electrical disturbance happens inside it. Yet machines of this type are to-day being turned out by the thousand—by various manufacturers—just to prop up the numbers of the Royal Air Force instead of adding to its real fighting strength.

So your money is wasted in building these single-engined aeroplanes which would be useless in a major war.

Used, for example, against one of those countries which we are being taught to regard as a potential enemy they are so short-ranged that they would have to land in the enemy's territory to refuel!

Eye on profits

And the enemy would obligingly have to keep a supply of the specially "leaded" petrol which they need always on the spot!

There is another side to the same story. While some leading members of the aircraft industry frankly admit the futility of this kind of building, others are perfectly content to sit back and watch their profits rise as the planes are trundled from the construction rooms. To still more this prospect offers even greater opportunities.

It is the easiest thing in the world to-day for a reasonably well-organised factory to get orders from the Royal Air Force expansion programme. But existing profits—and high profits at that—are apparently not enough for some people. Some firms have already told the Government in no uncertain terms their conditions for continued assistance in the rapid execution of the arms plan: conditions the essence of which is the



We have the finest airmen in the world—they should not be supplied with out-of-date machines

Arms Race Chaos

MILLIONS BEING WASTED

granting of more and more concessions—for which, as usual, the taxpayer will pay.

And although frantically anxious to keep from the public new revelations of the huge arms profits now being made, the Government still cannot summon sufficient courage to force the arms firms to work to strictly controlled rates.

Knowing this, some of the arms producers are determined to get every cent. they can. The Government want to speed up production, they say. Very well, we will speed up—but on our own terms.

Those terms are every day becoming wider in their scope. Already they include "satisfactory" provisions for adequate profits and generous allowances for research work.

But that is not the half of it. Already millions of pounds have gone into the well-lined pockets of market speculators in the form of share bonuses, with more substantial gifts to vendors and purchasers of old and new companies, to Stock Exchange firms and the rest of them—all of which will mean dearer armaments, a bigger bill for you.

Now comes the very latest audacity from the arms kings—a demand to the Government for promises of compensation when their plants and factories, now humming with activity, become slack as the arms programme nears completion!

Now, before the programme is properly started, the more forward-looking among them fear the consequences of the industrial slump which the end of the arms boom must bring.

So they demand from the Government assurances of adequate compensatory measures to offset any possible financial losses.

Some new aircraft factories, they say, are to be put on a "care and maintenance" basis when

their immediate jobs are completed—at the taxpayers' expense. That is regarded as an excellent precedent—and it is not difficult to suggest to influential quarters in Whitehall that it is a precedent that should be extended before the industry can be expected to give new undertakings to the Government.

All this may seem fantastic, but these are facts. It is only necessary to read the public utterances of the arms kings to understand how they are exercising their present authority.

Weak control

The arms ring—for of course there is an arms ring—is secure in the knowledge that the Government, now it has undertaken arms expansion, must place its orders, whatever the cost. The Government is "in the bag": it will come into line and do as it is told.

Humiliating as this spectacle is, it may not shock the taxpayer. But that hard-working, overburdened individual has cause for grousing when his Government, even in its dealings with its own departments, cannot exercise anything like effective control.

Yet there is hopeless lack of co-ordination between the various Ministries because the Government was panicked into arms expansion, and even now has no real long-term arms policy.

Plans for new munition works, factory and plant extensions have been drawn up, countermanded, redrawn, cancelled, drawn again so many times that Whitehall draughtsmen and surveyors do not know whether they are on their heads or heels.

Petty officialdom must have its finger in the pie; and if one set of little officials constantly opposes another, who is to know about the losses to the public funds?

It has been midsummer madness from the start. Within three months of the introduction of Mr. Chamberlain's "Arms Budget"—with its increases in direct and indirect taxation to

pay for the "gaps in our defences"—the country has been brought face to face with the prospect of a heavy Budget deficit in the current financial year. That in turn means, inevitably, still higher taxes and new attacks on the social services.

In no small measure that rise in the nation's expenditure and the certainty of still heavier taxes is the direct result of the complete failure of the Government to control costing even to the limited extent which was originally anticipated.

So all the Chancellor's careful budgeting was useless. The Premier's pledges to vigorously guard against excessive profits remain just pledges.

There is bickering between Government departments, more bickering between the Government and the armament firms.

The right way

Out of it all two things are as certain as the morning sun. The profits of the merchants of death will go mounting up: the dividends from death are to remain sacred! And, just as certainly, the bill which we shall have to pay will become heavier every day.

There is a contrast. Arch-advocates of the private manufacture of arms might look across the Channel from the frenzied scene at home and consider the recent events in France. There legislation nationalising the war industries has passed through all its stages.

The production of arms and ammunition has become a public industry, divested of those private interests which make it a costly danger to the State.

In France the arms ring has been vanquished. In the nationalised factories stringent costing systems will be operated, every available check will be used to safeguard the French people from exploitation such as they have witnessed in the past, such as we are witnessing now.

The moral is obvious. The French taxpayer will still be called upon to foot a bill. But there will be no item for wasted millions.

SOMEWHERE in Britain are twenty girls, at present unknown, who will be given a chance of film-stardom in the next few months.

Miss Margot Fragey, chief "talent spotter" of the R.K.O. combine, now over here from Hollywood, is going to discover them in a nation-wide talent search, during which she will be suitably disguised to prevent screen-struck girls from mobbing her.

That was an announcement that thrilled hundreds of thousands of women of all types, classes and shades of complexion last week—the film-struck legions of the kingdom.

Great news, for somebody. . . . But here is another item that appeared on the same day.

Pretty, and already a successful Australian actress, pert little Joy Howarth arrived in Hollywood three months ago—also in search of stardom. She found, instead, dust: not stardust, but the dust of all she had hoped for and dreamed about. There were no jobs anywhere.

Bitter lesson

Alone in her apartment, she turned on the gas. Nearing unconsciousness, the enormity of what she was doing prompted her to drag her limbs to the telephone. She was able to stammer out an appeal to the police for assistance.

The inhalator squad worked for an hour: thought at one time that it was fighting a losing battle: and eventually won.

And one more girl of many has learned the bitter lesson of how elusive is this stardom which the dreams of the film-struck are made of.

What of the twenty unknown girls for whom Britain is being scoured at the moment? Will they know what so often lies behind the outward allure of a film colony? Are they ready to face the disillusion that, more likely than not, Fate has in store for them?

Without a doubt there is a mirage in our midst with a fatal fascination for hundreds of women—the mirage of the Film Studio.

The story of how it has tempted 800,000 of them in this country alone to write to the various film companies, agencies and schools of acting—genuine and bogus alike—for a screen test which they feel sure will lead to fame and fortune, is an amazing tale of disillusion and misfortune.

One in thirty of the women who click typewriters, add ledgers, tend machines, feed husbands and wash babies believe themselves to be Garbos, Shearers and Dietrichs who have been cheated of their great chance.

Dazzling mirage

And a new and more distressing aspect of this great illusion than most people ever imagined was recently shown up by Mr. Justice Charles.

This Judge of the High Court has found that this dazzling mirage is breaking up homes. It is luring women away from their husbands, their babies, their domestic hearths. It is the cause of many of the separations that are leading to the Divorce Courts.

It used to be Man who was always the tempter under these circumstances. Now, says this sagacious bachelor Judge, "it is the films that entice, and not the man."

And the film companies of Britain can provide proofs not in scores, or even hundreds, but in thousands of cases—tragic instances, for the most part, of homes which have either been broken up or shattered beyond all hope of repair.

And all because of the fatal spell cast by the silver screen on women for whom the film industry has no use whatsoever, but who persist in the belief that one day their names will be writ large in

electric lights in all the capitals of the world.

The other day a dock labourer with six young children presented himself at the studio gates at Elstree. It was his effort to convince the film company that only by refusing work to his film-struck wife could they get his wife to return to him and her domestic responsibilities.

In the files of that same company there reposed a letter from one of the Royal Houses of Europe. It pointed out that a member of the family, married and with children, had left for London with a view to taking up a film career, and that it would inflict very grave injury to the prestige of the House if the work she sought was given her.

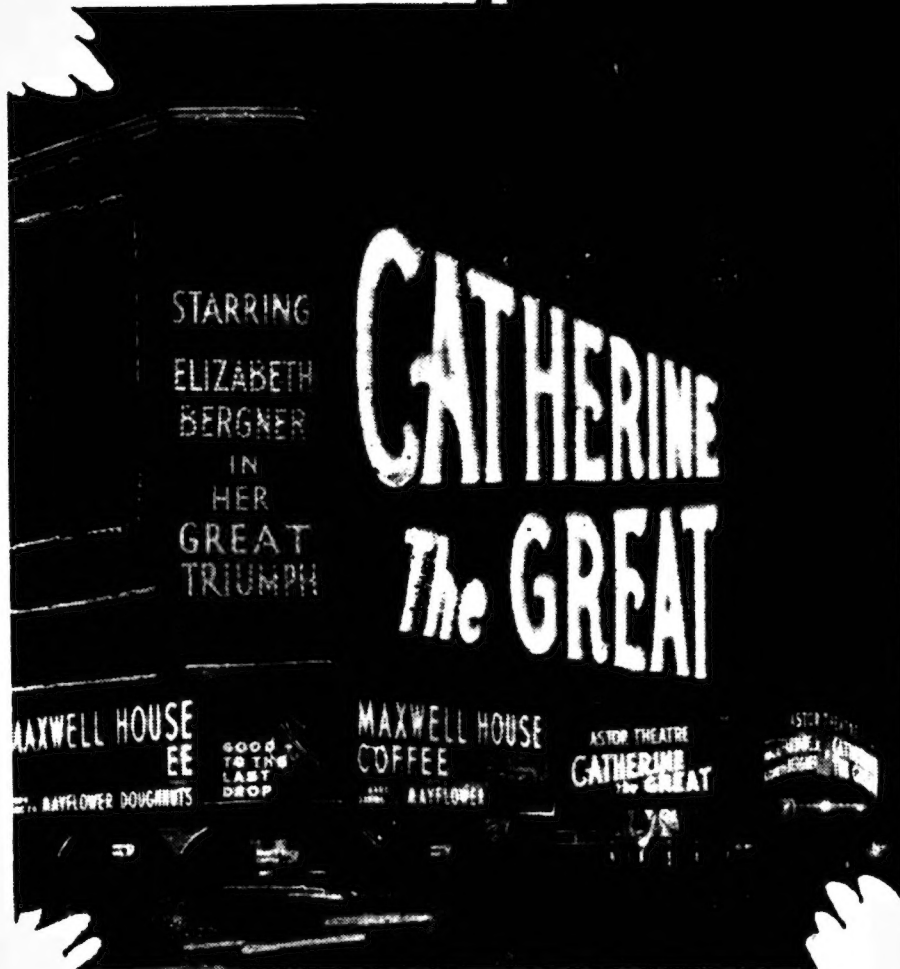
There was also a letter from a Harley-street specialist, written in much the same strain. His wife, a homely-looking, white-haired mother, fancied herself as an exotic vamp!

From palace and mansion and cottage alike they come, these women who seek stardom and are ready to throw away husbands, children, everything hitherto dear to them, in the pursuit of it.

The lengths to which they will go in their efforts to deceive the film companies into giving them a test are almost incredible.

One day an Islington studio official tore open a huge blue envelope that had

WOMEN the



There are countless women to whom acting before arc lights and movie cameras is the greatest and most romantic thing in life; they leave their peaceful homes to beat against the doors of film studios—only to find that it is all an illusion.

They visualise their names dancing in lights outside the cinemas, ousting the established stars and being hailed as overnight discoveries. They forget there is no short-cut to fame—specially film fame.

his wife's address he promised to return to the studio and report results.

It was a laughable story he brought back—of how he found his wife after she had got a job with another company, and they, hearing his story, decided to cure her of her film aspirations with a drastic treatment they called the Water Cure.

Thoughts of home

Twenty times in one afternoon they got her to jump into icy water as a passenger who was supposed to be leaving a sinking ship. They blew cold winds at her from an aeroplane propeller, in imitation of a blizzard. Always they told her they were not satisfied, and she would have to do it again.

Then, when her husband told her of the warm fire at home, and little Bill and Edna waiting there in charge of a friendly neighbour to welcome their mother's return, something happened to Red Bessie. . . . Patiently she ambled away from the studio, for good, at her husband's side—the woman who had never been out of England!

Another trick played at Elstree was so similar that it might have been the work of Red Bessie who had broken out again—except that Red Bessie is never likely to get film-ambitious any more.

This time it was "Nell, the mistress of a Chicago gangster," who, sure enough, proved to be the tamest of

arrived by the morning post. It was signed "Red Bessie"—in crimson ink.

It was a hair-raising story Red Bessie had to tell, of how she escaped from the Russian White Revolutionaries of Kerensky an hour before the time fixed for her execution, only to fall into the hands of the Red Revolutionaries of Lenin, who prescribed for her death, just the same, but in a rather more painful form! . . . She was duly thrown alive down a well; found herself on a ledge, and finally emerged into daylight to become one of Lenin's chief spies.

A thrilling story, although the meaning was not clear until the film chief read on towards the end.

She was writing to tell him that British film actresses never looked as if they had really lived. How could they portray dramatic rôles when they had never had any experience of the dramatic? And that was where Red Bessie the Revolutionary came in. . . .

She really did come in, an hour or so later, for she had followed up her letter with a personal call—a quiet little woman, about five feet high, with slightly projecting teeth and a most noticeable Cockney accent.

Certain that she was an impostor, the film chief sent her on her way.

Three days later her husband arrived—a London tram driver. In return for

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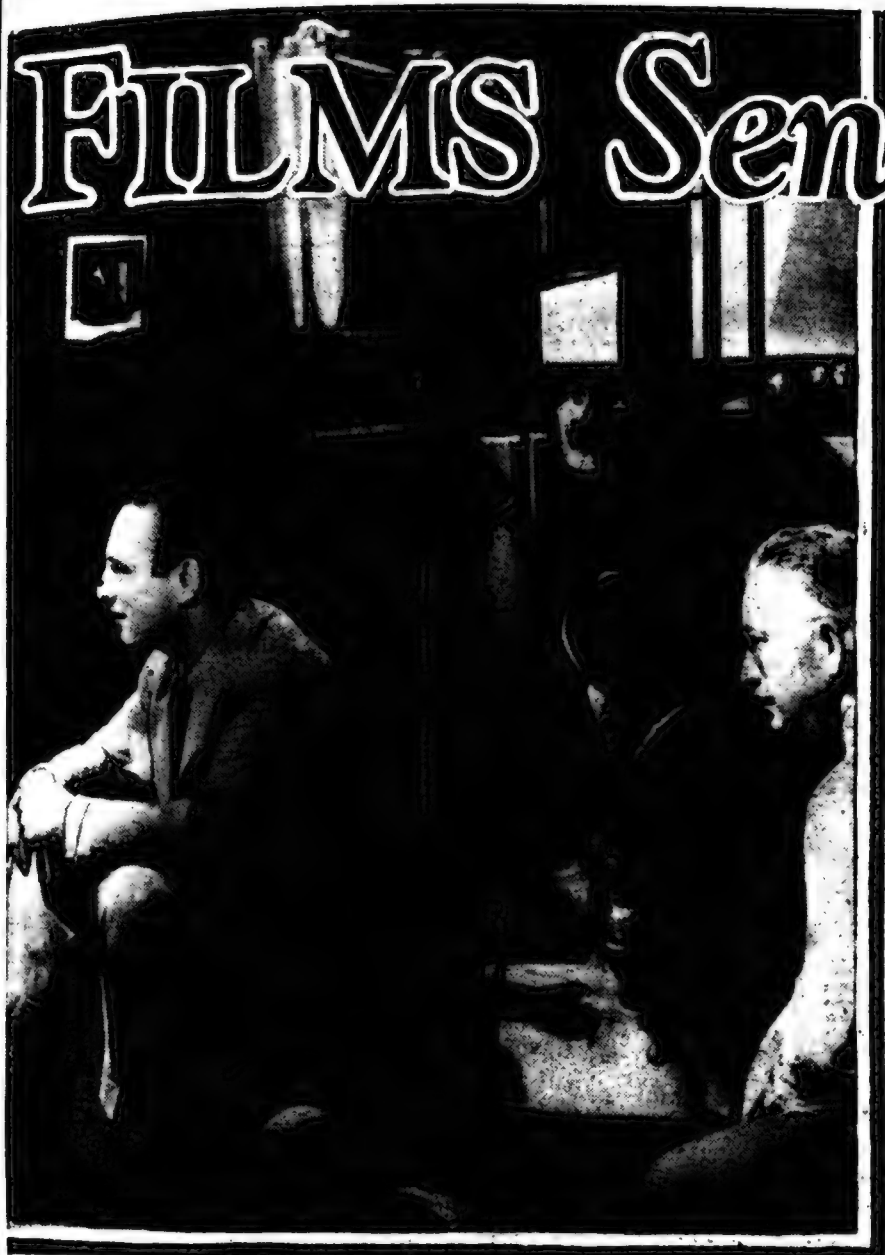
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FILMS Send MAD

Thousands Bitten by the GREAT ILLUSION



housewives, who had never seen a gangster in her life, except on the films, and who would certainly have fainted at the sight of a revolver.

Unlike Red Bessie, however, she was far too film-struck ever to go back to the husband and child she had deserted. She hangs round for "crowd jobs" to this day, so tired-looking and shabby and hopeless that it is only when pictures are wanted of starving mobs that she can earn a guinea.

At least one-third of the film-struck women who write to studios are married. Always they seem more desperate to get a start than their unmarried sisters.

Often they introduce themselves to a studio with an anonymous letter, of which the following is typical: "If you want to see a woman with more sex appeal than Joan Crawford ever knew how to have, with the figure of a mannequin, the carriage of a duchess, naturally long eyelashes and a voice that must be heard to be believed, get somebody to watch outside No. 17b, Blank Terrace, Bayswater.—(Signed), Wellwisher."

Sooner or later they decide that the film company is not going to have their premises watched. "Strange," they think to themselves, "how British film companies neglect to avail themselves of the talent that is going."

Then one day they present themselves at the studio, as the film chiefs won't come to them. Nothing daunts them.

Often these women write pretending they held important appointments with leading film companies before the war, when the films were young. "I was to have been Napoleon's wife, for the old Barker company, you know, but I dropped the idea when a good fat stage contract came along," wrote one.

They little realise that people who worked for those early companies, like the London Film Company, Barkers and the rest, are still to be found in British

studios, and that they have very long memories. There is hardly a detail of those more struggling days of film production that is forgotten!

"Dear old Henry Ainley was in the piece," said one woman. At the time of which she spoke dear old Henry Ainley was serving with the Army in France.

One of them described how, in 1914, she was injured during the use of a piece of film technique that was not discovered until more than twenty years later.

So persistent are some of these film-ambitious women that studio managers can reel off all the details about them without consulting their books.

There is one, the young wife of a millionaire manufacturer who has spent large sums of money throwing parties to film chiefs whom she thinks might help her in her ambition. All the time, her husband thinks when absent from home she is visiting friends.

She has collected one or two bogus film magnates at these parties, and proprietors of fraudulent film schools and agencies have gone along to eat their heads off.

Always star

Once only did she get her chance. She was to appear in a crowd wearing a dress that would give her the look of shabby gentility—the dress to be provided by herself. She turned up instead in a gown fit for the paddock at Ascot—and so was left out altogether!

To-day her husband spends big sums of money on his wife's queer new hobby. She writes and directs films in which she is always the star—films which her friends feel in honour bound to see! In that way she satisfies her ambitions towards stardom.

Yet another woman is the wife of a well-known scientist. Her excuse is that he pays all the bills and gives her only 2s. 6d. a week pocket-money for herself,

and that she wants to work so that she can buy the clothes that would fit her for the position she occupies. It may be true or it may not. But no studio has ever employed her.

One would-be film star of married status is so famous by reason of her title and family that when she presented herself at a studio she was at once escorted round as a distinguished visitor. She was introduced to all the stars. The directors stopped work to shake her hand.

They were astonished when she said: "I want a job. Any job for a start. I have dramatic powers that my friends never suspect, and I should feel insulted if you said my face was any worse than —'s and —'s"—mentioning two famous Hollywood stars.

Her escort was naturally all agreement. Her beauty, he said, was all-surpassing. But it was just a question of whether her natural beauty was the type that would film well. . . . However, they would soon see. And so she was taken in for a test.

"Do your worst, boys," was hissed in an undertone to the camera-men. And they did. And Lady — has no illusions now about being greater than Garbo.

There is one kind of film-acting job at which many of these day-dreaming wives boggle, particularly the quietest and most homely-looking of them. If asked to appear in a crowd as typical plodding housewives, they are often annoyed beyond belief. They want to be wives of some dissolute mediæval monarch, vamps, blatant gold-diggers, women of the harem—always "something exciting."

Something exciting. Yes, that is one

of the reasons why this mirage of the films attracts so many married women.

They have children who "get on their nerves." Their husbands don't look as thrilling as they used to. Housework palls a bit through its deadly monotony.

Some fool drops a silly word . . . "A perfect film face, my dear. Has nobody told you?" And soon the lights are picking out their names—in their own imagination.

The remark, "You have a perfect film face," uttered by a leading

British film actor to a solicitor's wife recently in a village where a film was being made played such chaos with that foolish woman's mentality that she ran away from her husband and her babies.

She became a pest to the London film studios—particularly to the actor whose innocent remark was the cause of all the trouble.

Hundreds of thousands of wives have seen that mirage. Thousands have got their names on employment lists. A few hundreds at most have made what might be called a bare living.

"Wailing walls"

Not one of them has ever become a star, unless she has served some apprenticeship in the hard school of acting at some time in her life. Probably not one ever will.

Yet homes have been broken up, and in many hundreds more the seeds of future discord set because of the Great Illusion.

Happily, genuine crowd workers and small-part players have their own organisation, which is striving every day to make the work more and more of a career for the people most suited to it, and less and less of a refuge for the film-struck.

When that ideal is realised, there will be fewer pinched faces and hopeless eyes at the Wailing Walls of England's film studios—to give the name artists apply to the places where they apply for the guinea-a-day jobs that are so hard to get.

And fewer broken homes!

SILK Stocking SNARE

WHAT amounts to a great silk stocking ramp is being carried on systematically and our investigations show that thousands of women are being approached.

People in various parts of the country have received through the letter-box a prepaid postcard from a firm with an imposing title, with the offer of a "free gift" which is to be had for the asking.

"Dear Madam," runs one typical offer, "with a view to bringing to your notice our famous service, may we have the pleasure of presenting you with a product of British silk as a gift?"

"Simply post the enclosed card, when we will have pleasure in sending the gift by return."

The unsuspecting victim posts the card as requested and waits hopefully for the gift to arrive.

A week later a representative of the firm calls and produces the gift, usually a small handkerchief of trifling value.

The salesman, with a wealth of selling talk, then brings out some sample silk

stockings which are offered at 4s. 11d. a pair, on condition that not less than three pairs are ordered.

The plausibility of the representative, plus the bait of the gift, usually results in the victim being persuaded to pay a deposit on stockings which are delivered "C.O.D."

With the arrival of the goods comes disillusion. The silk stockings which were said to be "worth at least half a guinea a pair" prove on inspection to be worth less than half the price paid for them.

A Manchester reader, whose stockings were to be delivered "at once," became impatient after waiting ten days and sent a postcard of complaint.

Another week of suspense followed, then she received a letter from the firm saying that the matter was "receiving immediate attention." Two weeks later the matter was still receiving "immediate" attention.

This is a typical experience. We can only warn other women readers to be cautious.

5 GNS.

**7/6 DOWN
1/8 A WEEK
BATTERY
SET**

FOR HOMES WITHOUT
MAINS

Full size moulded
cabinet—16½" high,
13½" wide.
(Model 333.)



6 GNS.

**8/6 DOWN
1/11 A WEEK
REAL
SUPERHET**

FOR A.C. MAINS WITH FULL
AUTOMATIC VOLUME
CONTROL

Full size moulded
cabinet—15½" high,
13½" wide.
(Model 444.)

THE PEOPLES SET

"That no one in Great Britain need be without the benefits of radio"

The Government Committee on Broadcasting recommended:

"... That the B.B.C. and the wireless trade consider the possibility of designing and putting on sale at a low fixed price a standard receiving set."

Good Radio is no longer the hobby of the few. It is a necessity for every member of the community.

Philco's response to the Nation's need

The People's Set is Philco's response to the Government Committee's recommendations and to the nation's need. But it is far more than the "standard receiving set at a low fixed price" mentioned in their report. The People's Set is a typical Philco. It gives full superhet performance on both medium and long wavebands, with features hitherto available only on more expensive sets. All this at a price within the means of every household in the nation.

7/6 down and weekly payments as low as 1/8
Only the resources of the World's Largest Manufacturer of radio sets and the co-operation

of all sections of the trade has made this set possible. The People's Set provides individual programmes at little more than the cost of an extension speaker.

All Philco's resources back of the People's Set

And behind this People's Set are the reputation, the skill, the engineering resources of Philco, pioneers of every worthwhile advance in the radio industry in the past decade. The People's Set is no experiment, no attempt to market a "cheap" set at a "cheap" price. The People's Set is the result of all the years' effort, of all the years' experience and research of Philco. It is made under ideal conditions — a "musical instrument of quality."

See the People's Set at any Radio Shop

Dealers throughout the country will be displaying the People's Set after to-day. We urge you to see it, listen to it. If your nearest dealer has not yet received his supply, send the coupon to Philco for an early demonstration. Philco is determined that good radio shall be brought within the reach of every home in Britain.

3 valve Battery Set 5 gns. (MODEL 333)

Sharp selectivity; enormous power. Covers full range of stations on medium and long wavebands. Full size auditorium speaker giving full rich tone without distortion. Band pass tuning. Combined on/off switch and volume control. Ample internal battery accommodation. Exceptionally large tuning dial combined with station chart, showing metres, kilocycles and 34 station names. Low consumption of batteries—only 6 milliamps!

Price 5 gns. cash, or only 7/6 down and 1/8 per week.

4 valve Superhet 6 gns. with Full Automatic Volume Control. (MODEL 444)

Here is a big, high-efficiency Superhet receiver for A.C. mains which you could not equal for 50 per cent. more than this price. Full Automatic Volume Control counteracts fading of distant stations and the blasting of strong locals. Absolute 9 kilocycles selectivity. Enormous power to reach out and hold at entertainment value all the great stations of Europe. Silent background. 3 watts undistorted output. Perfect reproduction with full energised moving coil speaker. Large full vision dial, marked in station names, kilocycles and metres. Only 40 watts power consumption. A.C. mains only.

Price 6 gns. cash, or only 8/6 down and 1/11 per week.

A YEAR AND A HALF TO PAY

POST THIS TO PHILCO

Philco Radio and Television Corporation of Great Britain Limited, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

● Please send me complete information about "The People's Set."

Name.....

Address.....

J.B.T.

PHILCO RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION OF GREAT BRITAIN LIMITED • PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State

PHILCO

*World's Largest Makers
of Radio Sets*

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Right Way with the Hyde Park Case

Insult to Pit Disaster Victims—Loathsome Ordeal for a Baby—Fashion Censors We Don't Want—Here's to the Hero of 80

DEAR SIR HERBERT WILBERFORCE.—I admire the righteous indignation you displayed in dealing, as acting chairman of London Sessions, with the case of the woman charged in Hyde Park with stealing a wallet from a police constable. Commenting on the woman's defence, you observed, "not only is it a defence which charges this constable with deliberately and maliciously inventing a false charge against the woman, persisting in it up to the last, taking her off to the station, laying his charge there, and bringing her before a magistrate and before you, but persisting in what must be a wicked perjury."

You concluded by observing, "If the charge made by this woman against the police is true, it should lead to the dismissal of all the people concerned." Surely it would have been better to refer this matter to the Director of Public Prosecutions for the necessary investigation?

To suggest that, "if true, it should lead to the dismissal of all the people concerned," is to seek to impose upon the Commissioner of Police the duty of investigation, coupled with a suggestion that, if the facts are established, all the people concerned should be "dismissed."

For it would be impossible for the Commissioner to take disciplinary action if, in fact, a *prima facie* case of perjury is established.

If it is, that will be a matter for the Director of Public Prosecutions.

If a police officer commits perjury he is just as amenable (and no more amenable) to the law than the ordinary citizen. And it is manifestly wrong to invoke the machinery of the Disciplinary Code, under which a policeman serves, to deal with a matter which is one for a court of justice and nobody else.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOSEPH JONES,
Mayor of Barnsley

DEAR MR. MAYOR.—I am glad you refuse to deal with the marriage offers addressed to you, but intended "out of pity" for the young widows of victims of the recent colliery disaster.

However well intentioned, they are a fatuous intrusion upon private grief.

I agree that there is ample outlet for both pity and sympathy in a more generous response to your financial appeal for the families so cruelly bereft of their breadwinners.

JOHN BULL.

REGINALD BOWLES,
Whitehorse Street, Lowestoft

BOWLES.—Your inhumanity in exhibiting your four-year-old son, weighing 12 stone, in a small pen on Yarmouth Parade amply deserves the £1 fine imposed on you.

To profit by a child's affliction, whatever the circumstances, is loathsome and inexcusable.

But if it is true that Lowestoft Public Assistance Committee refused you food tickets and advised you to put the boy on show, then that committee should at once be relieved of its responsibilities.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. G. MOSTYN PRICHARD,
Whippingham, Isle of Wight

DEAR RECTOR.—You have just published a little book of occasional personal prayers, meant for people with various private needs.

One prayer, I observe, is "For a wife when she finds her husband difficult."

Now, Rector, wet your fingers, pass your throat and tell the truth. Who gave you the pattern for this prayer?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. STELLA SHEPHERD,
Welling, Kent

DEAR MADAM.—I am tired of pointing out that magistrates have no business to act as fashion censors. And I shall say nothing of the rebuke you incurred



Why should the onus of enquiry into the Hyde Park case be placed on Sir Philip Game, Commissioner of Police?

when you appeared in court on a very hot day in a sleeveless frock and no stockings.

But I must express my satisfaction at your spirited reply: "The trouble with some of the old men to-day is that they try to judge modern woman by the standards of their grandmothers."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD,
Poet Laureate

DEAR MR. MASEFIELD.—Like you, I am glad that young people of many countries are meeting to exchange ideas at

the World Youth Conference now being held at Geneva.

"Not one young man in a hundred wants to fight his neighbours," you say in your message to them.

No, but the trouble is that millions of young men are misguided enough to support dictatorships which threaten to plunge us all into a blood bath.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCILLORS,
Zealand

GENTLEMEN.—You want a wireless beacon at Sumburgh Head lighthouse, and you think it a matter of extreme urgency. The reply of the lighthouse authorities, "No funds available," leaves you cold.

But why should it? Expense must always be considered before scientific inventions can be used—unless they are of a destructive nature.

Surely you know that!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS JENKINS,
Rogerstone, Monmouthshire

DEAR SIR.—"A young life is saved; mine is not worth much."

So you said after rescuing a child from drowning, and no doubt the comment refers to your own age of eighty years.

But I disagree. Lives like yours are beyond price at any age.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALEXANDER SHAW,
Strand Films, Ltd.

DEAR SIR.—It is easy to understand that filming life in the distressed North-East has been a heart-breaking experience.

Your official job was to record the activities of youth training centres. But I'm glad your camera has also caught glimpses of the amazing courage and cheerfulness of the older folk.

It should no longer be possible for the more prosperous to hug the comfortable reflection that what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve about.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. W. J. ROGERS,
Old Contemptibles' Chaplain, Bristol

REV. SIR.—Speaking of the war and the last eighteen years of peace, you "wonder which was worse."

For you say that in the war days there was "comradship with a wonderful democracy. Now you have no comradship of class, but revival of class distinction, class prejudices, class hate."

Rubbish! There is far too much ex-

aggeration about class hatred, while the idea that comradship can compensate for war horrors is just ludicrous.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. C. MITCHELL,
National Oil Refineries, Swansea

DEAR SIR.—I wish other big employers of labour had the means and the will to follow your example.

Starting in October next, your employees will work six-hour shifts instead of eight hours. But they will suffer no reduction of wages.

This is decidedly the stuff to give 'em

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE BURROWS,

Skegness

DEAR SIR.—Being a well-known entertainer, and a man with a sense of humour at that, I expect you are amused at the reason given by the Skegness Bench for treating you lightly in respect of a small technical offence.

They were lenient "because of the delightful music you used to give the residents and visitors some years ago."

It would have been hard lines, one supposes, if you had been a bad musician. And one wonders whether good engineers, bus drivers, clerks, and so on get a bit knocked off their fines because they do their jobs of work well.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. MALAN,
Pretoria, South Africa

DEAR SIR.—To suggest that South Africa should boycott King Edward's Coronation is an affront for which there is no excuse.

Fortunately, though you are a Party leader, we know that you do not voice the real feeling of the South African people. And we may wonder what would happen if the Dominion could not offer its citizens the privilege of being "British subjects," since the Mother Country is so indulgent and generous a parent.

Never mind! We know that in time of trouble Great Britain could depend on the loyal support of South Africans.

JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Blaydon Council, Durham

DEAR SIRS.—With your rates many thousands of pounds in arrears, there's little justification in spending money to send delegates to conference joy-rides.

There is less when you allow them to charge ten days' expenses for a five-day conference, and nine days' allowance for another lasting only six days.

JOHN BULL.

Not From the B.B.C.

A BUCKING broncho's not a beast I'd care to handle in the least. Since it seems not amenable to meekness: Yet, I must candidly confess, For Wild West cowboys I possess (Like many of the weaker sex) a weakness!

A damsel who has often seen These rough-necked heroes of the screen Looks down upon an ordinary fellow; If he a steed cannot bestride And 'cross the wilds of Richmond ride, She's very much inclined to think him "yellow!"

She feels she could not be the wife Of one so out of touch with life That he has never handled a six-shooter; And very much deprecates the fate That won't provide her with a mate From distant Colorado or from Utah!

Many a maiden born in Balham, working in Wigan or tied to Tooting feels that Fate has played her a cruel trick in not having dumped her in Texas, where men are understood to be men.

One such, perhaps, is Miss Charlotte Thompson, of Putney, who has written to the Governor of Utah asking if he

CALL of the WILD



the clean outdoor life they lead."

If dress is a factor in the cult of cowboy-worship, various local lads, anxious to make good with lassies and colleens, might at a pinch consent to wear cart-wheel hats and some of those copious unmentionables.

Presumably, though, the mere trappings of cowboyishness would thrill no more than a bathing-gown without a girl inside it, and facilities are deplorably few for leading the sort of outdoor life in which

one slings a female across one's saddle and rides "toward the sunrise."

But the fact that one cannot emulate the boys of the broncho-busting breed is no reason for developing an inferiority complex. Instead, one might well enquire why a cow custodian in America should be deemed any more romantic than one in Hampshire.

But somehow a girl who hears the bawl of the wild at her local cinema and finds it O.K. for sound is apt to remain unresponsive to the trilling of the tame.

They cause no yearnings frantic,

They set no hearts aflame,

Inspire no dreams romantic,

The Legion of the Tame!

Their trousers are not hairy,

They are not big and tough,

But any female who is wise

Will much prefer them to the guys

Whose creed is, "Treat 'em rough!"

You girls who fain would marry

The sort of roughneck who

Is widely known to carry

A gun and a lasso,

Forget your foolish fancies

And grab some wooper meek,

Who, like a silly mutt, will earn

Enough for you to sit and yearn

O'er cowboy films each week!

Y. Z.

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

As soon as you light one you know
a Player's by its fine quality Tobacco.
Before you light if your guarantee
is the name Player's "Medium" Navy
Cut on each Cigarette and the
Lifebuoy Trade Mark on the packet.

SOON AS YOU LIGHT IT
YOU KNOW IT'S A

PLAYER'S

10 FOR 6^d

20 FOR 11½

50 FOR 2½



N.C.C. 357. A.

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General

I HEAR more interesting news about the King's Coronation plans.

As I said last week, His Majesty is seeing to it that as a spectacle the event shall lack nothing of its ancient splendour. The anxiety that has been expressed in certain quarters as to whether, in his encouragement of modernity, he might discard the traditional horse-drawn State coach on his progress in favour of a motor car is groundless.

The great gilded coach will again make its appearance, and already the team of six horses is being trained to draw it. Or, more exactly, two teams are being trained, in case the extended route should necessitate a change en route, the coach being a vehicle that makes very heavy going.

★ ★ ★

It was the King who suggested this possibility, not a little to the satisfaction of the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace, where the boast is that the old horse establishment is equal to any occasion. The controllers of the stables mean to be well on the mark for the first great pageant of the new reign, and the heavier the demands made on them the better they will be pleased.

While, however, the King is determined that the event shall make history as a spectacle, he is also taking steps to see that it shall not involve the waste and extravagance that in the past on like occasions have been almost regarded as a necessity.

Difficult as these days are for the people, none of the King's subjects would wish the Coronation, which is their own national festival, to lack anything that can be devised in majesty.

But they will hear with general satisfaction that the King himself has given strict orders that there shall not be a pound thrown away by bad management for every pound that is fitly and wisely spent.

I am told that, before leaving London for his holiday, he instructed the officials who are to control Coronation finance to prepare exact estimates of all costs, and he means to have these closely scrutinised before they are passed.

Everyone hopes that Coronation year will bring a substantial impetus to legitimate trade, but the King's example should mean that profiteers, the people who get money for nothing, will have a thin time.

★ ★ ★

WHEN the King returns to London after his cruise he will for the first time go into residence at Buckingham Palace. This means that the Royal Standard will be seen no more above St. James's, where the other day I saw the rooms that as Prince of Wales and King he has occupied for so many years dismantled and looking strangely deserted.

Everything has been moved to the suite on the ground floor of Buckingham Palace which the King has had furnished for his own use. Hitherto the Sovereign's private apartments have always been on the first floor.

The new suite is at the back of the building, with direct access to the gardens. It consists of four principal rooms only, a bedroom, a sitting-room, a study, and the private dining-room. These have been decorated in pale pastel shades, selected by the King before he left London.

★ ★ ★

MANY of the trophies collected on his world tours have been given a conspicuous place, but in general the King's new residence has an appear-

No Coronation WASTE



In spite of his modern spirit, the King has no intention of discarding the traditional horse-drawn State coach in favour of a motor-car

— JOHN —
DRINKWATER'S
Intimate Diary . .
THE KING THIS
WEEK

★ ★ ★

ance of comfortable and useful simplicity. On a desk in his study is not only a house telephone, but another for outside communication through the switchboard of the Palace post office.

The State dining-room will, of course, remain in use, as also the family dining-room on the first floor.

Incidentally I hear that during his absence the King has had a new wing added to Fort Belvedere, and the house as a whole redecorated. Some of the furniture from St. James's for which there was no room in the new Buckingham Palace suite has been transferred to the King's country home.

It is expected that after his cruise the King will stay in London a few days only before going to Scotland for the remainder of his holiday. Preparations for his arrival at Deeside are already well advanced.

The Royal guard of honour, consisting of three officers and sixty men from the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, are taking up quarters

in the Victoria Barracks at Ballater, and with them, to receive His Majesty, will be the King's Pipe Major.

This picturesque figure of the clans is hoping that he will be called on to play beneath the King's window every night, as he did for King George. King Edward's fancy for the pipes will probably indulge his wish.

The gardeners, too, are on their toes. They know that their work is to be inspected by a very critical eye. Which reminds me that the florists are expecting a Coronation boom in rhododendrons, the King's favourite flower.

★ ★ ★

THE King, I hear, has made arrangements whereby the usual practice of having a Minister in attendance while he is in Scotland will be dropped.

In the past, although Cabinet Ministers have always known that they might be called on for this duty during their holidays, a good deal of inconvenience was often caused for no very obvious or useful reason.

To avoid this, the King has let it be known that any of his Ministers who wish to do so can see him during the few days that he is in London before going North.

Thereafter, their attendance at Balmoral will not be necessary, though the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Cromer, may go up to discuss Coronation plans.

★ ★ ★

I CAN well understand the King's enthusiastic expressions of pleasure on his visit to the Acropolis by night. I remember such an occasion when I was in Athens for the Byron centenary at the invitation of the

Greek Government in 1924, and it was an experience of unforgettable loveliness. And when the King said that he so much wished that he could have photographed the Athenian skies as he had done the temples, he touched the very secret of Hellenic romance. That violet beauty has to be seen to be believed.

The public reception of the new stamps will no doubt be mixed, but the design appears to me to be admirable.

★ ★ ★

THE authorities announce that this is only a small preliminary issue, three thousand million stamps amounting to no more than that in the postal business of the country, made in order to test popular feeling about them.

Talking to some of the people responsible for the design, which was made under the King's close supervision, I learnt that the intention was largely to emphasise His Majesty's own personality, and in this I think a distinct success has been achieved.

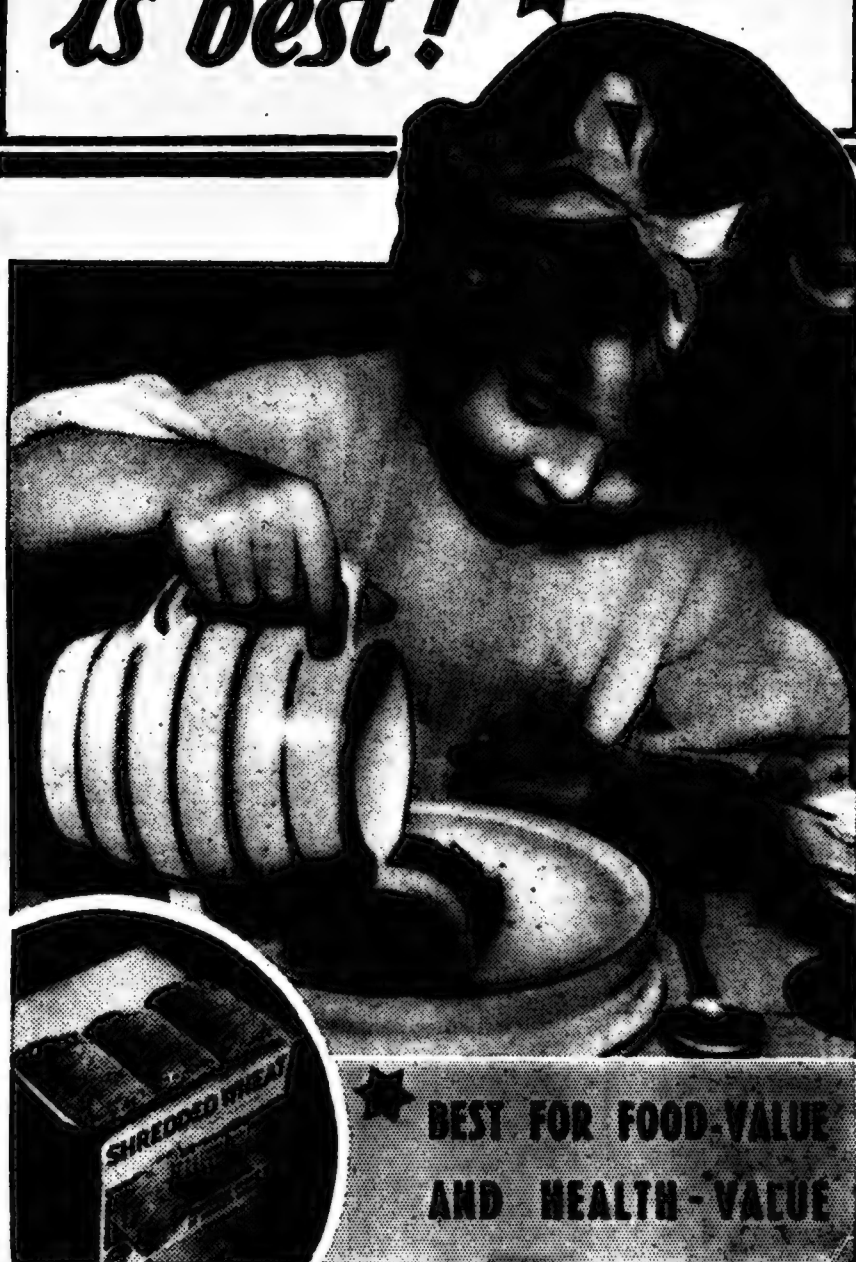
The fussiness that has disfigured our stamps ever since the superb early Victorian issues has now given place again to a bold simplicity that is entirely characteristic of the Sovereign whose portrait they bear.

I hope that the sudden change in tradition will not raise any agitation to induce the Post Office to change its mind. And I say this deliberately in spite of the expressed opinion of several eminent artists.

I do not share their objection to the photographic base that has been used for the design, and I am glad to see that Sir John Lavery, whose opinion is as authoritative as anyone's, agrees with me.

Here is a straightforward presentation of the King as he actually is, and the designers need look for no better justification.

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fast. It is delicious also with butter, honey, cheese, or fresh, stewed and tinned fruits. And it gives everyone the benefit of pure whole wheat in the finest, more digestible form, complete with its health-giving vitamins and system-regulating bran. Serve Shredded Wheat for lunch and supper too. Get a packet to-day! ★

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Chapman	50-53 High Street, E.W.4
Cricklewood	140 Broadway, N.W.3
Croydon	5 London Road
Deptford & Cattle	90-97 London Road
Fulham	263 Fulham Road, S.W.10
Hammermith	120 King Street, W.6
Haverhill	120 Uxbridge Road, W.7
Islington	102 Holloway Road, N.7
Kentish Town	245-247, N.W.4
King's Cross	213 Chancery Lane, N.1
Kingston-on-Thames	53 Chancery Street
Levensham	2, Lee High Road
Leven	41-43 George Street
Paddington	262 Harrow Road, W.2
Paddington	219 Abchurch Lane, W.3
COUNTRY BRANCHES	
Altrincham	The Triangle, Birchall Road
Barnaby	2, Orville Street
Bedford	23 St. Peter's
Birmingham	90-101 Bristol Street
Blackpool	100 Commercial Road
Bournemouth	100 Commercial Road
Bradford	64-66 Westgate
Brighton	127 Queen's Road
Bristol	77-79, Redcliffe Street
Bristol	17 Stokes Croft
Burton-on-Trent	123-124 Station Street
Canterbury	4 St. Nicholas's Street
Cardiff	57-59 St. George's Street
Cardiff	55-57 St. Mary Street
Chatham	78-80 High Street
Chatterfield	23 Bridge Street
Chatterfield	9-11 Corporation Street
Colchester	4 St. Nicholas's Street
Covey	4 York Street
Darlington	20-41 High Northgate
Derby	51 London Road
Doncaster	14 Frochgate
Eastbourne	51-53 Seaside Road
Exeter	104 Fore Street
Folkestone	45-47 Tinsley Street
Glasgow	19-21 Buchanan Street
Glasgow	140-152 West Nile Street, C.3
Glasgow	90 Northgate Street
Halifax	40-42 Northgate
Leeds	2 York Buildings
Leeds	48, Regent Street
Leicester	5 Queen Street
Leicester	81 Foregate Street
Leicester	57 Westgate Street
Leicester	30 Low Street
Leicester	6, Lower Bridge Street
Leicester	55 New Bridge Street
Leicester	6 Haymarket
Liverpool	40-42 Church Street
Manchester	3 The Broadway
Manchester	25-26 Oldham Street
Manchester	45 South Road
Manchester	55-57 Northumberland St.
Manchester	78 High Street
Manchester	52 Gold Street
Manchester	31 St. Stephen's Street
Manchester	54-56 Derby Road
Manchester	25 Green Lane, N.12
Manchester	134 Uxbridge Rd., N.10
Manchester	279-281 High St., N.16
Manchester	50-52 High St., N.12
Manchester	201 Green Street, N.12
Manchester	25-27 The Parade, N.12
Manchester	228, N.12
Manchester	223-225, E.1
Manchester	81 The Broadway, N.W.19
Plymouth	7-9 The Octagon, Union St.
Portsmouth	219-223 Commercial Road
Reading	47 Blenheim Street
Reading	8-10 Beilby Square
Reading	41-47 Edgworth Square
Reading	156 High Street
Reading	5 Bank Street
Reading	42-44 London Rd. (The
Reading	45-46 Bedford Street
Reading	153-5 High Street
Reading	24 High Street
Reading	30 High Street
Reading	81 Kinkadee
Reading	27 Digbeth
Reading	81-83 Bridge Street
Reading	10-12 Library Street
Reading	11 The Broadway
Reading	81 Moor Hill
Reading	83 Broad Street
Reading	15-17 Newlands Road
Reading	1 Low Overgate



Is he sounding the call to war—or peace? Germany's youth mobilisation has deepened the problem

by A. G. GARDINER

blame on Russia. It has been obvious for some time that he has been fomenting a scare about Russia in the German Press, and it is pretty certain that he will base the decree on the decision of the Soviet Government to make fresh drafts upon its man-power.

I have as little love for the Stalin dictatorship as I have for the Hitler dictatorship, but it cannot be pretended by any student of world affairs that Russia is now, or likely to be for a long time to come, a military menace to her neighbours. She does not want more territory. She has got enough territory to occupy her for generations.

It is Germany who wants more territory, and Hitler has never

oppression, so their sole international gospel is brute force. Of that gospel Hitler's latest decree is a demonstration.

There is nothing in the circumstances of Europe to justify it. Russia is not a menace to Germany; France is not a menace to Germany. France's policy since the war has been often mischievous, but it has been dictated by fear, never by military ambition. And to-day her Government is entirely reasonable and pacific.

It is no answer for Hitler to say that his decree is not directed against France, but against the menace of Russia. That menace, if it exists is entirely of his own creation. His attitude towards Russia has throughout been fanatically hostile, and he has resolutely refused co-operation with her in any efforts to secure a European reconciliation. Can there be any doubt that if Russia were involved in war with Japan she would be in imminent peril of attack from Germany?

But even assuming that all these preparations are directed against Russia, how is it possible for France to be unalarmed? The thesis of Hitler's "Mein Kampf" is conquest in the East first and a "settlement" with France afterwards. And "Mein Kampf" is still unwithdrawn—still the Bible of Nazi Germany.

How, then, can France feel confident that this terrific increase of the German army is not directed at her—ultimately, if not immediately?

It is these disquiet that Hitler has aroused and that Herr von Ribbentrop must banish if his embassy here is not to be a failure. It is idle for him to come with smooth words if his master's actions are directed to restoring all the old menace of Prussian militarism.

The policy of this country is non-intervention in the domestic affairs of other countries—Nazi, Fascist or Communist—but co-operation with all who will work for an organised European peace, with disarmament as the goal.

Is Germany with us or against us in this? That is the question. Is Hitler's "peace plan" a reality, or is it merely a mask for "Mein Kampf"?

Herr Ribbentrop must supply an answer to this question at the coming Conference of the Locarno Powers. The dove and the stick of dynamite do not go together. Europe must know which represents Hitler's mind and purpose.

DOVE or Dynamite? —Europe Must Know

concealed his ambitions in the East any more than he has disguised his hatred of the Soviet system. He is ceaselessly posturing as the defender of civilisation against Communism, but so far as one can see there is not a pin to choose between one form of dictatorship and another. Both massacre their old friends—Hitler in cold blood and Stalin with the travesty of law. Both trample on freedom. Both are brazenly irreligious. And capitalism has as bad a time under Mussolini and Hitler as it has under Stalin.

In a word, under whatever fine-sounding gibberish these barbarians trade—totalitarian, proletarian or corporative—they alike reduce their wretched countries to the position of slave states.

If they could be left to stew in their own juice, the countries where liberty still means something could afford to regard them with mingled pity and indifference.

But they are a menace to the free democracies of the earth. For just as their domestic weapon is murder and

to break down and that Europe would be sucked into the vortex.

Then suddenly Mussolini from one side of the Alps said, "Certainly, I'll come in," and Hitler from the other side of the Alps echoed, "Why, certainly, I'll come in, too."

And we all rejoiced that the Anglo-French policy of "Hands off Spain" had triumphed and that the peril of a general war was averted. But hardly had we had time to greet the olive branch from Berlin when the dynamite stick launched from the same quarter exploded.

It took the form of the issue of a decree extending the period of military service in Germany from one year to two years. At one stroke, and without a preliminary breath of warning, Hitler has ordered the increase of the German army by at least a third.

Under the new decree, according to Berlin estimates, the number of men available with the colours will be raised from 550,000 to 800,000. That is the minimum. The estimate of the French experts is vastly higher. They say that the effectives of the German army to-day number 900,000 and that under the new decree the figure will be raised to 1,200,000.

Perhaps the truth lies between the two estimates. But wherever it lies there is no question about the enormous gravity of the event.

NATURALLY it has given France a galvanic shock, and, though M. Blum has kept a cool head, there can be no doubt that consequences will follow. France has nothing like the man-power of Germany to play with, and it will not be surprising if M. Blum is faced by his militarists with a demand for the extension of the conscript service from two years to three.

What is the meaning of this provocative action? In a few days the great Nazi jamboree is to be held at Nuremberg, and it may be that Herr Hitler will enlighten the world on the subject. I have no doubt that he will lay the

I N a recent article I explained to Herr von Ribbentrop, who will soon be here as German Ambassador, some of the disquiet he will have to clear up if his mission is to be the success which we all hope it will be.

I instanced, as one cause of these disquiet, Herr Hitler's habit of hurling bolts out of the blue, facing Europe with momentous decisions of which he has given no previous hint, as if he were not merely the dictator of Germany, but the dictator of Europe.

Coupled with this unnerving habit is another characteristic of his diplomacy, equally disturbing. It is to wave an olive branch with one hand and to throw a stick of dynamite with the other.

THIS occurs so persistently that it is clearly a calculated policy. Thus, no sooner had he put forward his alternative peace plan and set us all cheerfully speculating on the future than he tore up the Locarno treaty and marched into the Rhineland without a hint of warning, as if his only purpose was to create a panic in France.

The same paralysing conflict of motives is apparent in his latest performance. For weeks he, like Mussolini, delayed, for one idle reason or another, coming into the French plan of non-intervention in the Spanish quarrel. It seemed that that plan was doomed

STORM HAVOC

I N a home in Flintshire they can afford to laugh at what befell them during a recent gale.

One minute they were sitting together in the kitchen talking about the storm, grateful to be safely at home out of the lash of it; and the next—there was a roar of falling soot, a minute of surging blackness, and the whole family had been turned into coal-black nigger minstrels.

Within a matter of seconds they found that the chimney-pot and stack had fallen through the roof into the passage, leaving destruction in its train. Soot had not only cascaded down chimneys into the kitchen, but into the sitting-room and a bedroom as well, bringing down a considerable number of bricks with it. And there were their ruined possessions.

No, they can only afford to laugh because JOHN BULL paid for the damage to their belongings. The fact that the head of the family had signed the coupon which qualifies any reader, free of charge, for the benefits of our unique Free Family Insurance Gift had robbed the incident of the element of tragedy. Chiefly, the memory of those black faces remains—and so they can afford to smile about it.

You might one day find yourself able to smile at what would otherwise prove dire misfortune—if you turn to page 42 and sign the forms now.



The Human Machine

Heal Thyself

IT is a curious thing that, despite the spread of knowledge in recent years, most people continue to treat physical illness seriously and refuse to believe that mental illness even exists.

None of us has the least hesitation in calling in a doctor to prescribe treatment when we or any of our family are ill; but if anyone around us is mentally ill we just let them gloom around in silence and unhappiness, never offering to give them the slightest help. We seldom try to help ourselves either.

It is so easy to dismiss the trouble by calling it "temperament" or "temper" or "moodiness"—though we haven't the least idea what we mean.

Mental illness is just as real as physical illness. "Temperament" needs just as much attention as toothache. "Nerves" deserve as much care as neuralgia or neuritis.

And the best of it is that to treat mental illnesses you don't need expensive doctors, specialists and medicines. You have all the equipment you need. We all have. All we need is sympathy, understanding, tact, patience.

We so often fail because we don't understand what we see. Temper, for instance, is an effect—not a cause. If you can find the cause of the irritation and remove it, there'll be no temper.

But never did the old admonition "Physician, heal thyself!" apply more forcibly than in this case. Unless we can learn to cure our own mental illnesses, we are not going to be much use to other sufferers.

It's an important matter, because mental illnesses are so catching. One person in a temper can put everyone near him in a temper in a couple of sentences. Scarlet fever is comparatively harmless compared with the contagiousness of mental disease!

The Bible put the science of mental doctoring in one sentence: "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words do stir up strife."

Goodall
 a spell of convalescence
 was of no avail. Soon after
 duty in the hills th
 covered that Goodall
 rious heart trouble.
 made on his enfeebled co
 been too great and the
 completed the damage.
 Goodall

SHAMEFUL ARMY SCANDAL

Young Soldiers on the Scrap-Heap

RECRUIITS still cannot be obtained for the British Regular Army in anything like the numbers required to maintain even its comparatively small establishment.

Mr. Duff Cooper, the War Secretary, wrings his hands and moans. He brandishes his fists and denounces and demands. There is no quickening of response.

JOHN BULL now intends to make plain to him a powerful reason why he has failed. It has nothing to do with the conditions of enlistment or of actual service, which are usually, but wrongly, blamed.

The cause is that young men eligible for and willing to join the Army are deterred by evidence of what may happen to them and their dependants if they are disabled or die during or in consequence of their service.

So many cases are occurring and becoming widely known of incapacitated Regular soldiers being thrown on the scrap-heap without provision or thought for their future that prospective recruits and their parents must be filled with apprehension lest they and theirs should have to suffer the same sad fate.

Growing evil

The blandishments of recruiting sergeants and the appeals of the posters are being cancelled out by the effects of the shameful evidence. The scrap-heap is daily growing bigger; there is less and less compassion in the minds of the authorities for the broken and discarded soldier.

Look at a few cases which have been made known to JOHN BULL in only one week.

A few days ago, twenty-seven-years-old Edwin Goodall, a Southampton man, fell unconscious in a London street. He was taken to one of the great public hospitals, where the doctors declared themselves amazed to learn, after observing his condition, that he was an ex-Regular soldier without pension.

They found him to be afflicted not only with very acute disorder of the heart, but also with extreme debility produced by hunger and want of rest.

In the Dorsetshire Regiment, which he joined at the age of eighteen, Goodall was a splendid soldier. The commanding officer testifies to that fact in as glowing a certificate of character and ability as any British soldier can ever have received.

Most of his five years' service was in the hills and the frontier of India. Breakdown came after he had entered hospital for a simple operation but had to be discharged prematurely. In weakened health, he had to take part in arduous mountain manoeuvres, climbing and running in the hills with heavy equipment. Bronchitis set in.

A spell of convalescence on the plains was of no avail. Soon after he returned to duty in the hills the doctors discovered that Goodall had developed serious heart trouble. The demand made on his enfeebled constitution had been too great and the rarefied air had completed the damage.

Goodall was sent to England and

promptly discharged from the Army while in hospital. His pay stopped, and it was held that he was not entitled to pension because—the usual stereotyped excuse—his disability could not be attributed to military service! The fact that he had only been admitted to the Army after rigorous medical tests and was then 100 per cent. physically fit was ignored.

He was sent out with nothing more than a certificate that he would be fit only for light work in civil life. Later he was given a gratuity of £10 for his period of service, but even from it the War Office deducted £2 because some articles of his kit had been lost while he was being invalided from the Indian frontier to Britain.

With the evidence of his fine Army record, Goodall at first had little difficulty in getting work. But he was unfit for even the lightest jobs that he filled. One after the other, employers had to dispense with his services because of his poor physical condition.

Once, when he found work as a kitchen porter at the Baltic Exchange too arduous, the Ministry of Labour even refused to pay him unemployment benefit on the ground that he had relinquished work which was available to him. They ignored his military and medical history. To them he was only a cast-off soldier who was nobody's care.

When Goodall was picked up from the street starving and ill the other day, he was identified by an official letter in his pocket, written only on the previous day, rejecting again his application for pension. He is still in the care of the hospital to which he was admitted, and, on JOHN BULL's representation, will be given temporary shelter for a week or two by a charitable society.

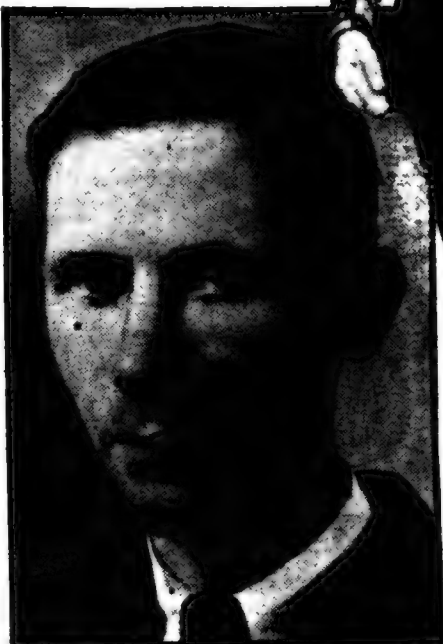
Refused

How can Mr. Duff Cooper possibly expect to tempt recruits to the Army when Edwin Goodall emerges to a blank future as a walking advertisement of the fate of a broken soldier?

After ten years' service in the Royal Engineers, which he joined as a boy of thirteen, Eric Covell, of Cheriton, Folkestone, has died in a Kent asylum. In this case we cannot definitely challenge the assertion of the authorities that a mental illness which struck down Covell was not due to conditions on service.

The authorities, as they always do now, refused to give him and his dependants the benefit of the doubt.

Far from any pension or allowance being granted, Covell's father, an old-age pensioner, was required to contribute 10s.



Edwin Goodall—on the scrap-heap at twenty-seven, and (right) Major General O. H. Delano Osborne, Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, who has helped many such cases with kindly understanding



ence will be an inducement to others to take the same kind of risk?

Private N. J. Grice, of the South Staffordshire Regiment, died recently in a sanatorium. Because of conditions to which he was exposed, he contracted pneumonia and pleurisy during his service, and tuberculosis supervened.

While lying in hospital he was discharged from the Army. Not only was his pay stopped at once, but he was told that no pension would be awarded to him and no allowance would be made to his parents, to whom he had been contributing part of his Army pay. The stock phrase—not attributable to military service—was again employed.

Grice never left bed from the day he entered hospital. In the end he was transferred to a sanatorium, where he died in a week.

His parents were summoned at his last hours from their home at Ancaster, near Grantham, seventy-five miles away. They rushed to him by motor-car, but were required to wait for two hours in the grounds of the institution before being admitted.

And, as they watched by their dying son's bedside in a cubicle, they were not even provided with chairs.

The military authorities did not give Grice burial. The Old Comrades' Association of his regiment had to provide the funeral costs.

Reform needed

The recruiting figures for Lincolnshire have lately been most disappointing. Is Mr. Duff Cooper surprised that it should be so now that the facts relating to the treatment of Private Grice in life and death have become known in the county?

Pensions to disabled Regular soldiers and allowances to the dependants of the dead are awarded by the Commissioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. JOHN BULL in no way blames that body for what is happening. Indeed, the administration under Major-General O. H. Delano Osborne, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Hospital, is as kindly and flexible as it is possible for it to be under the rules laid down by higher authority.

Nor do we blame the service administration of the War Office.

The arbiters are fettered by rigid regulations and red tape woven by a mentality that has endured since the Crimes. Mr. Duff Cooper will get more recruits when he frames regulations for broken soldiers which place a higher value upon human life and suffering.

The first essential reform is that every maimed or incapacitated Regular soldier, sailor and airman or his bereaved family should by Royal Warrant be given the right of appeal to an independent tribunal, preferably one appointed by the Lord Chancellor.

LAST CHANCE FOR FREE GIFT

Readers of JOHN BULL have this week their final opportunity of securing the most remarkable gift ever offered to the readers of a national weekly—"The Fifty Most Amazing Crimes of the Last 100 Years." The Free Presentation Forms on pages 4 and 5 should be used at once.

This is the most complete record of famous crimes ever offered to the public. It is the story of arch-crooks and the great detectives who hunted them down. It rips the lid off the Underworld, unfolds the terror of blackmail, the menace of the forger, the cold, ruthless cunning of the poisoner, the plot and counter-plot of the secret society.

Among the famous cases included are those of Landru, the real-life Bluebeard; Crippen, the first murderer to be trapped by wireless; Charles Peace; Palmer, the poisoner; and Rouse, the "blazing car" killer.

More thrilling than detective fiction—every word the truth—you will be held spellbound by this unique volume, which is offered to you free—in either of two beautifully bound editions.

But you must be quick. There is not a day to be lost. Turn to pages 4 and 5 and complete your Free Presentation Forms to-day.

EAT MORE OFTEN..

TOO BIG A GAP 'TWTXT BREAKFAST AND DINNER



'EAT a good breakfast,' said Mother in our young days. 'It will see you through the morning.' But modern medical research has shown that Mother was wrong. A good breakfast does *not* see one through the morning. The effect of any meal, in terms of ready energy, begins to wear off after two or three hours. A lighter breakfast and a nourishing snack at eleven is the way to ensure energy that doesn't flag. This has been proved by large-scale experiments on factory workers, office workers, and school-children by physiologists of international repute. People work better and their health improves if, without increasing the total amount consumed, they eat at more frequent intervals—five times a day instead of three or four.* The snack? It must be chosen well—an easy, energy-giving, balanced food. And convenient, so that eating it need not interfere with the day's work. The best choice for most people is Cadburys Milk Chocolate. It provides the energy-giving nourishment of the cocoa bean and pure sugar, *plus* that of pure rich British milk—a glass and a half to every ½ lb. block.

keep going on

CADBURYS
MILK CHOCOLATE 2^{oz} 2^d

* For an account of some of these interesting experiments see the article on 'Diet and Physical Efficiency' in the British Medical Journal, Nov. 30th, 1935, p. 1047.



Mr. Norman Long

the famous raconteur and entertainer, has a "shine" before he goes on to delight a Clacton audience. His ex-soldier shoeblack says "the brilliance of the famous star is reflected in the polish he prefers."

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CB.B.M.4



Saturday Morning!

There's the big match on this afternoon—a special occasion. What about something rather special to smoke? Obviously Wills's Whiffs—mild, cool, real cigar flavour *and* quite inexpensive.

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WV:1

MAN with a Magic Gas

AN epoch-making discovery, calculated to stir the imagination of people the world over, has just been announced in the Press.

It is nothing less than a new wonder fuel for cars and aeroplanes that is to cut running costs to a minimum and provide other boons that are as endless as they are tempting.

And, more startling still, noise will be abolished, for the magical new "gas" will make for silent running!

A six-cylinder engine, it is claimed, will drive a 2-ton lorry at 50 miles per hour, while an aero-engine is contemplated that will send heavy air-liners hurtling through space at 200 miles per hour.

The man with a second-hand car bought for £10 and the owner of a shining Rolls Royce will both benefit by this discovery.

Great discovery

The inventor of the new "magic gas" is John E. Bradley, of Brownhill Road, Blackburn, who, when a bright-eyed boy, stumbled accidentally on the secret of a new motive power which "had baffled scientists and engineers in every country of the world for generations."

"The first step to my great discovery," says John E. Bradley, who has now reached manhood, "came during my boyhood in a Lancashire works. One day I poured what I thought was water into a metal container. The container buckled, and I found that accidentally I had used acid."

This small beginning sent young Bradley along the path of science and invention. Unknown to scientists, presumably, he learned that the gas of this particular acid "expanded with great strength and rapidity."

"For years I studied the problem. I discovered that if I could control the pressure and expansion of this gas I should probably invent a new motive power."

So, after years of experiment, John E. Bradley sits in his trim little villa on the outskirts of Blackburn and tells the world what a wonderful fellow he is. Sitting comfortably in an armchair near the window, with the sunshine glinting on his horn-rimmed glasses, he talks fluently to callers.

He tells of his service in India with the Indian Corps of Military Staff Clerks at Karachi and Quetta, and explains how, sitting against the great rocks of the frontier, he would still ponder on his boyhood discovery, remembering "how he had watched oil bulge."

Cheaper motoring

Returning to England and civil life, he settled down in Blackburn and perfected his invention that caused two motor-car cylinders to do the work of eight, cutting down petrol consumption from 80 to 20 gallons.

Obviously an invention that is to cut down the cost of petrol in this drastic way is likely to revolutionise motoring. The saving effected by the big motor transport organisations will amount to millions of pounds a year, while the private motorist will also save considerably on his running expenses.

The new invention, to use Bradley's own words, is "a universal asset." He can convert any car to the use of his "magic gas" in less than forty-eight

hours, and the cost on a small car is less than £5. Small wonder that the news of the invention has already aroused widespread interest.

But first, Bradley wants to find someone with capital to pay for the registration of world-wide patents, and to launch his invention on a startled world.

For some time now there has been a constant stream of callers at Bradley's modest little villa in Brownhill Road, Blackburn. Among the visitors have been men with money to invest, and representatives of the great petrol companies and motor transport concerns.

We cannot say how successful or otherwise he may have been in his initial efforts to raise funds, but trade experts who have interviewed the inventor have gone away smiling sceptically.

As a warning to the general public, we think it desirable to state that John E. Bradley is a person whose much-publicised invention is not the first attempt on his part to extract money from the credulous.

Actually, Bradley describes himself as a fishing-tackle dealer, and our dossier shows that he certainly knows more than a little about the gentle art of baiting hooks.

One of his recent inventions is a fly painted with a special preparation which, according to him, means death and destruction to poor, unsuspecting fish.



Silent—and cheaper—motoring are among the boons promised by Mr. John E. Bradley, inventor of the new wonder fuel

He also Sells Sudden Death for Fishes!

It seems that when anglers use Bradley's patent flies the fish just turn pale and give themselves up. Whatever their real merits, this is interesting as evidence of his amazing versatility. Recently, too, Bradley described himself as an "exclusive perfume blender," and was advertising "the two most alluring perfumes ever created."

These included Mashrag Ki Kamal

(Glory of the East), for day use, and Phul Ki Plade (Kiss of a Flower), for evening use, both at half a crown a bottle.

Petrol, perfume or sudden death for fishes—it is all the same to this versatile man with ideas. But there is yet another side to his queer activities that deserves mention.

Earlier this year, we find, he was using the name of Duncan Wrayburn, and operating a company known as Duncan Wrayburn Securities, 1930.

He was then sending out circulars guaranteeing a profit of £100,000 on an outlay of £250.

To one inquirer he wrote:—

"Dear Sir,—£10,000 in fifty weeks—£200 per week from an investment of only £250.

"Can you do it? I can and will.

"I'll make you £500 during the first fourteen weeks, and increase it to £10,000 during the following thirty-six weeks."

This "wonderful" get-rich-quick scheme was for football pools, and Duncan Wrayburn's anxiety to make fortunes for anybody aroused our suspicions.

Poor fish

We warned the public to be cautious, and justification came when the Duncan Wrayburn Securities, 1930, scheme collapsed, and its proprietor was fined at the local police court for failing to register this concern under the Business Names Act!

So, dropping the name of Duncan Wrayburn, the finance wizard, and adopting that of John E. Bradley, the fishing-tackle dealer, exclusive perfume blender, and inventor, he now modestly hopes to revolutionise the motor transport industry!

We can only say that we are as little impressed with John E. Bradley and his latest "magic gas" exploit as we were with Duncan Wrayburn and his financial schemes for making other people's fortunes.

John E. Bradley, alias Duncan Wrayburn, is a young man with too much imagination, and there is a danger that people with money to invest may be impressed by his ready tongue and plausible schemes.

For this reason we warn our readers to be wary of his hooks, however cleverly they may be baited.

Football Betting "Catch"

RECENTLY we warned readers against having any dealings with a betting organisation trading under the name of The Express Daily Sports Association, of Gloucester Terrace, Bayswater, London.

Hundreds of complaints reached us from different parts of the country concerning this "Association," which has a persistent habit of refusing to pay out money to winning clients.

Now a strange thing has happened. People on the mailing list of The Express Daily Sports Association have received circulars sent out by another betting venture—The National Football Association, of Bank Buildings, 283, Newcastle Place, London, W.2.

Still stranger, envelopes holding the leaflets of the National Football Association are addressed in identically the same handwriting as communications from the Express Daily Sports Association.

* * *

The National Football Association claims to be "pioneers of national football coupons." It is stated in the circular now distributed:—

"We are convinced that the huge mass of football sportsmen prefer genuine clear odds instead of 'Pools,' chiefly

because it is terrific odds against the backer winning at all in the 'Pools.' We claim our coupon is the finest in the world—our reputation having been built up by fair odds and fair play."

The Association offers odds varying from 5 to 2 up to 150 to 1 against forecasting successfully the results of Saturday football matches.

Notice the similarity between The Express Daily Sports Association and the National Football Association. The former has a rule: "You start off with a daily credit of 2s. If you lose your daily credit will be 4s. If you lose that also, your daily credit will be 8s., and so on. In other words, your daily credit is always double the amount of your previous loss."

And this is a rule of the National Football Association: "The receipt of this coupon enables you to start with a weekly credit of 5s., after which your weekly credit will be double the amount of whatever you lose. For instance, if you lose 3s. the first week your next week's credit becomes 6s. If you lose 5s., say, the second week, then your credit for the next week is 10s., and so on."

"Bank Buildings, 283, Newcastle Place," is somewhat of a misrepresentation. Newcastle Place is a short passage leading to a garage off the Edgware

Road, Paddington. No. 283 refers to the corner premises which are fronting the Edgware Road.

There is no Number 283, Newcastle Place in the Post Office Directory.

We can disclose the fact that this same address is one used at different times by a man named Harold Johnson, the prime mover in The Express Daily Sports Association.

Housed in these offices is an "E. Williams"—a name used by Johnson for certain of his enterprises, and also Tattersall's Finance Trust, with which Johnson has connections.

* * *

So it is plain that the mind which conceived The Express Daily Sports Association, and its scheme for inducing the public to back losing racehorses, is also active with the new National Football Association and its coupon betting.

"Pay and be Paid is our Motto. Hundreds of Thousands of Satisfied Clients," states the National Football Association and its coupons. That is as it may be.

In view of the reputation of the Express Daily Sports Association, with its hundreds of dissatisfied clients, and the personal link between the two "Associations," we suggest that the National Football Association should be given a very wide berth.

THE Infamous BA

INARTICULATE, still learning—most of them—their first baby words, the thousands upon thousands of farmed-out infants in this country have no means of speaking up for themselves.

Could they but do so, the cry of protest that would go up against the conditions under which many are permitted to exist in our midst would soon shock the country into doing something for them.

Some people thought when Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, recently appointed a Government Committee "to enquire generally into the method of adoption societies," that this was a belated blow at the baby-farmer.

But nothing of the sort. The baby-farmer is outside the scope of Sir John Simon's committee. Yet, how necessary it is that she should be within it is constantly being brought to the notice of JOHN BULL.

The truth is that, in spite of the Infant Life Protection Act, which was, its supporters said, to put an end to the evils known to exist in all too many instances, the unscrupulous baby-farmer goes on her way unchecked.

Easier now

Indeed, the present-day conditions tend to make her path easier than ever before. More and more mothers are breadwinners, and many a one finds it impossible to earn a living for herself and her child unless she can secure a foster-parent for the baby.

In her anxious state of mind, the average young mother cannot be expected to be a good judge of character, and all too often she listens to the specious words of the baby-farmer, who is ever on the look-out for new victims.

The worst phase of this scandal, which flourishes in every part of the country, is the absence of any central authority to protect the defenceless baby, though the need is obvious for some such official body—say, a sub-department of the Home Office—whose main duty would be to hound down the unregistered foster-mother who fails in her duty to her charge.

Every foster-mother, registered or otherwise, receives in the first instance payment for the infant entrusted to her. Either a lump sum is paid—and this varies widely with the differences in the financial position of the real mothers—or else a weekly payment is made to the foster-mother, the sum often being the amount paid by the father of an illegitimate baby to its mother.

Unregistered

A foster-mother is supposed to be registered by the local authority in whose area she resides. She is, in theory anyhow, subject to visitation by health visitors. Indeed, if every woman who takes a child for profit were honest and trustworthy, the Infant Life Protection Act would be an adequate piece of legislation.

But complaints constantly reach JOHN BULL of cases of neglect and cruelty that go on under the eyes of local authorities. In some instances the offender is a plausible woman, not registered at all, and therefore at present under no sort of official supervision.

A particularly revolting case in the London area can be quoted.

Quite by accident, it came to the knowledge of the authorities that a woman occupying one small room had secured no fewer than six foster-children all under the age of five. The strictly limited space was occupied in addition by two children of her own, a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve.

Armed with a magistrate's warrant, an official paid a surprise visit. He found that in the corners of that tiny room were packing-cases, in each of which lay a baby so emaciated by starvation that it was scarcely able to whimper. The sanitary conditions were terrible, and each helpless infant was a mass of sores, brought about by systematic neglect.

One of the babies was suffering from a serious burn. It was rushed to hospital and only the greatest care and careful nursing saved its life. Not so fortunate was another inhabitant of the den, a baby girl of eight months—its little body was so wasted by lack of nutrition that all efforts to save its life proved vain.

Now for the sequel. This woman was not a registered foster-mother and in taking children for payment she was guilty on six separate counts of illegal conduct. Yet when summoned before a Bench of magistrates, she was given the inadequate sentence of six months' imprisonment.

So casual was the investigation that the fact of the child's death was not even mentioned in court.

Moreover, on the woman's release, she at once transferred her attentions to another district. Fortunately, it was discovered, again quite accidentally, that she had omitted the formality of being registered as a foster-mother and in due course she found herself again in the hands of the police. In passing sentence of a few weeks' imprisonment the chairman of the magistrates merely remarked that he "understood" she had been in trouble before.

Even more amazing in its leniency was the sentence given to a woman registered as a foster-mother for one child only. For some years she gave the one child every care, but later she gave way to drink, and with the insensate desire of the dipsomaniac for the means to satisfy her craving, she decided to take another foster-child.

The first, then a child of eight, attended the local school and the headmistress took a kindly interest in her. Chancing to pass the home one dinner-time, the teacher decided to look in. She found her pupil alone in the house with the new addition to the household—a baby a few months of age. The foster-mother was absent and the child of eight had instructions to feed the baby and then go back to school.

The teacher at once informed the proper authority, who went



A jolly picture taken in a hostel of the National Children's Adoption Association. A child adopted through this body is assured of a happy home



"John Bull's" remedy to foil the undesirable foster-mother is an all-embracing register—with police co-operation

to the house and removed the child to the local welfare centre for care until the foster-mother returned and the child could be taken and put elsewhere.

The official waited in the house until the foster-mother returned. Her arrival was heralded by loud shouts and drunken laughter at 10.30 that night, and the representative of the local authority only escaped a mauling at the hands of the woman by the intervention of a police constable.

It was proved at the police court that the woman spent every day in much the same way, leaving the baby unattended for ten or twelve hours at a stretch. She received the extraordinary sentence of three weeks' imprisonment!

Startling in its callousness, too, was the case of Ethel, the foster-child of another unregistered foster-mother. The woman and her husband with their own baby occupied on basement room, and the circumstances were reported to the health visitor by a local tradesman, whose messenger boy had commented on

BABY-FARMER

Here She is Revealed, Still Impudently Defying the Law



just moved from the district and set up under another authority. At the moment she has extended her sphere of action. She has taken two houses. In one she keeps her own children in charge of the mother of an illegitimate child, whilst she "cares for" four foster-children in the other house.

Two of her victims died in hospital, and only constant nursing saved the lives of two others brought in for treatment.

This woman is well known to charitable organisations concerned with the welfare of babies. Yet so plausible and adroit is she that she is able to pull wool over the eyes of the local health visitors and so continue her profitable business.

Every avenue whereby the responsibility for which she has been paid—and

often well paid—can be avoided is explored with cunning care by the bad type of foster-mothers, whose exploits are the subject of this enquiry. Many of them possess exact knowledge of the legal powers of public and private bodies and this has led to the development of a new "racket."

Powerless

There is a rapidly growing practice among baby-farmers of taking a sick child to hospital and securing its admission to the wards, after they have received a lump sum for its "care."

Once the hospital authorities have admitted the infant it ceases to be "abandoned," even if the foster-mother disappears. The police are powerless to act since it has been entrusted to the care of a hospital.

It may be weeks or even months before the baby has recovered from its illness—an illness often induced by malnutrition or wrong feeding; and by that time the foster-parent has put many miles between herself

and her unwanted charge.

When the child is ready for discharge there is no choice before the hospital authorities. The abandoned mite must be handed over to the Public Assistance authorities, and it is up to them to bring the defaulting foster-mother to book. Hopes of success do not run very high in the face of the time which has elapsed since the child was left at the hospital.

Clearly, from the cases we have quoted, something more than the Infant Life Protection Act is necessary to give adequate protection to every one of the twelve thousand children at present in the homes of registered foster-mothers in Great Britain.

National register

That "something more" is still more necessary to secure a complete cessation of the activities of the unregistered foster-mothers.

For one thing, there should be a national register of foster-mothers compiled by and in the charge of a special department of the Home Office, so that each local authority can make enquiries before granting a licence as a foster-mother to an applicant.

Thus a woman who has come under the ban of some other local authority would be prevented from continuing to earn money at the expense of the lives and health of fostered babies. There should be a right of appeal, which magistrates could be entrusted to hear.

Such a register, it may be argued, would not stop a determined baby-farmer from continuing her methods. She can change her name and address with ease and impunity.

It is necessary, therefore, to make the entry into foster-parentage as regularised as possible. The more stringent the regulations the better pleased will be the good foster-mother who takes her responsibilities with the seriousness that the care of a young human life demands.

There can be no objection to the production to the central registry of foster-mothers of a signed photograph of the would-be foster-mother, accompanied by a certified copy of her birth certificate. The photograph should be certified by the local superintendent of police, whose knowledge of the circumstances surrounding the life and home of the applicant would permit him to make



A committee set up by Sir John Simon hadn't the power to curb the activities of the baby-farmer

any observations he thought necessary.

Since the responsibility for discovering the whereabouts of an absconding foster-mother would fall eventually on the police, their task would be facilitated greatly by the distribution throughout the country of copies of the missing woman's photograph.

It is admitted that even these safeguards may not be sufficient to put a stop to a monstrous practice; but they will impress on the mind of every woman contemplating baby-farming the fact that there is a central authority with ample powers to take drastic measures against offenders.

The existence of a foster-mothers register was of great value to the London County Council before the responsibility for the administration in London of the Act was delegated to local authorities.

Careful check was kept on all the activities of any woman engaged in foster-motherhood. Advertisements for foster-children were watched, often with results which more than justified the trouble expended.

Stiffen sentence

Official visits were paid at all hours to the homes which were under suspicion, and London itself was becoming a place fit for fostered babies to live in, since the constant vigilance of the L.C.C. was extended to registered foster-mothers and the unregistered with equal care.

Another urgent reform is stiffening of the penalties for infringing the law in regard to foster-parentage.

Magistrates should be told that they are failing in their duty when they impose sentences so inadequate as those quoted—sentences which do little or nothing to deter the type of woman who acts either as an unregistered foster-mother or fails in her duty to her charge when she has been granted a licence.

Until such women are made to realise that a conviction will result in a stiff term of imprisonment, they will continue to snap their fingers at the law.

the fact that the child was always crying.

When she was visited officially the woman stated that the mother had deserted the child and she was receiving no payment for its keep. She was told that she must take it to the local Public Assistance Department, as she was not registered to take a foster-child.

When the visitor called two days later there was no sign of the foster-mother or her husband, but the faint cry of an infant came from the basement.

The foster-mother had deserted the child, leaving it to die of starvation and exposure in an unoccupied room. All efforts to trace her failed.

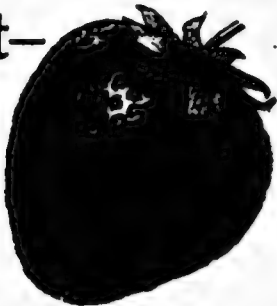
One final example of the malpractices which go on. Mrs. X, a foster-mother registered with a public authority, came under the notice of the official in charge of the administration of the Infant Life Protection Act. This foster-mother had neglected systematically the babies entrusted to her care, and she was told that her licence was cancelled.

This gave her no anxiety. She

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STA-BLOND

Continuing AIR MERCENARY

Colonel Toro, who was an infantry leader in the Chaco, but is now President of Bolivia, told his friend "Tommy," the English air mercenary, that he believed the Paraguayans could be brought to their knees if only it were possible to bomb Asunción.

Fear of the League of Nations and of intervention by the Argentine alone prevented an air attack upon this defenceless city.

Nevertheless, Lieutenant "Tommy" Wewege-Smith, continuing his vivid story of the war in the "Green Hell," gives convincing testimony from his own experience of the vital importance of the air arm even under "humane" conditions.

by

T. Wewege-Smith

FROM the first I knew that young Rocca was bound to kill himself. Before ever I flew with him as bomber and observer, I could feel that he was "for it." I saw him take off and I saw him land, and I said to myself: "Heavens! I hope I don't have to fly with that chap!"

A few days later I threatened to punch his nose unless he stopped flying like a madman. We had come in from an observation trip, and just as we saw the Carandaiti aerodrome beneath us and were about to land he did a ground loop, crashed the under-carriage and burst a tyre.

We got off with nothing worse than a shaking, but I was wild with rage and I felt like smashing the grin off his silly young face.

He was smaller than I, but, to give him his due, he wasn't in the least daunted. He laughed at me, not quitting, but really friendly.

"All right, Tommee! Quite okay. We go take little drink now, yes?"

Of course, it was "yes." I couldn't help liking the young idiot, though I was betting that pretty soon he would kill me as well as himself. As a flier Rocca was not a dare-devil, but just plain stupid. He had a bare fifty hours' "solo" to his credit, and he must have had the blindest luck to see him safely through those.

People talk of "road sense," when they really mean nothing more than the ability to make resolutely swift decisions in emergency.

Flying sense implies all that and a good deal more. You don't get it at all until you have learned perfect control of your machine. Then you begin to realise that it is sheer foolhardiness to take needless risks. You stop "stunting for fun."

You anticipate difficulties and make up your mind in a split second how to meet them. Rocca never anticipated anything but his next leave and his young wife hugged to his heart.

He showed me a photograph of her when we got back to the mess—a sunny, raven-haired little beauty, but with teeth no whiter than his own. What fools men are! I couldn't resist pulling my own girl's photo out of my letter-case, and I forgave Rocca everything just for the wondering admiration in his eyes. And I hadn't so much as heard from her for two months!

All this happened on the eve of a big attack. There came up to our mess that night a stocky, square-jawed infantry officer with a face of granite—Colonel Toro, massive and formidable like "The Bull," his namesake. Dark-skinned, resolute, hard to read, but suave as you please, easy-mannered—a devil of a fellow to cross! I liked him,



Solaras pointed downwards and shouted. We were over the enemy lines and an anti-aircraft gun was shooting at us.

A FLYING MADMAN

but I knew he would be tough to work under. He was, and still is, no doubt, though now he has become President of Bolivia.

The first real rain of the season had fallen twenty-four hours previously, the last day of October. It came down as though a giant tap had been turned. I wasn't under canvas at the time, for some of the Indian soldiers had made me an adobe hut.

◀ ◀ ◀

They call these huts "parhuichi," and they take about a day and a half to build. First you stick up four posts; then you add a few cross bars and thatch a roof with dry grass. After that it only remains to make the walls of a framework of reeds filled up with mud.

They aren't much to look at, but they are a lot cooler than canvas. I had my man, or "assistant," as the batmen were called, soak the mud floor of my hut every morning with water. That kept the temperature down a lot, and one needed it with the thermometer anywhere between a hundred and a hundred and twenty.

The rain changed all that. The thatched roof of the parhuichi leaked like sieves. I woke at two in the morning soaked to the skin, with all the stuff on the floor afloat. The very noise of the rain was terrific.

I slung a waterproof groundsheet over my mosquito net and got back into wet blankets. Half an hour later I dreamed I was drowning. The sheet had collected gallons of rain and the mosquito netting, frame and all, had collapsed.

In the end I wandered off and found Lavadenz, an old campaigner, who had rigged hammocks in his hut. In these we slept, dripping.

Boy! It was a lovely war! This Colonel Toro came picking his way across the half-flooded 'drome looking as neat and cool as a polo player.

"You keep pretty comfortable here," he said in the mess tent over a long

drink. "It's a change from the trenches. My men have to stand on tip-toe to keep their chins out of the mud."

That day, when the sun was still up, the lizards had come out in thousands after the rain. The place had been swarming with them, darting and alighting about so that one blinked one's eyes to follow them. The mosquitoes and the tiny *maritus* never let up. The whole world was teeming with creatures that flew and crawled and buzzed and stung.

And now, after sundown, the frogs were deafening. Millions of them rasping and croaking all over the Chaco. Berie! I hated to think of what it must be like in the line.

Rocca was playing a guitar very softly and humming the words of a Spanish love-song. It was beautiful, but too hauntingly sad to be endured just then.

I had learned to pick out tunes on this instrument by that time, and I went over and took the guitar away from Rocca. I struck up that mad dance tune, "La Cuceracha," singing the Spanish words after my fashion.

Soon I had them all stamping and laughing. Colonel Toro called me "Cuceracha" ever afterwards.

He had been over to our aerodrome earlier that day to discuss with Colonel Jordan, commanding the Air Force, de-

(Continued on page 26)

Fitness through the forties

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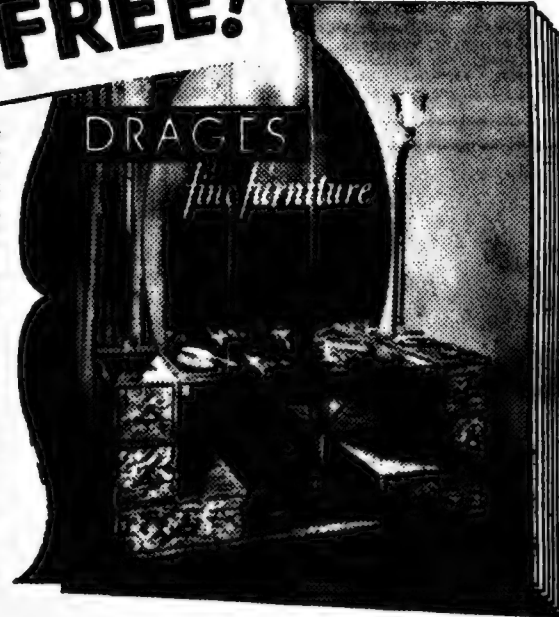
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THAT AWFUL ZERO HOUR

(Continued from page 24)

tails of the big push, and, more particularly, our co-operation with the infantry. They were talking together again that evening and, when the mess grew quieter, the argument became general. It was an old one and centred in the vexed question of "the rules of war"—if there are any.

Suddenly Colonel Toro turned to me with a friendly, but faintly mocking smile.

"We could bring the Paraguayans to their knees," he said, "if we bombed Asuncion. And we could do it easily enough; we all know that. A thousand kilometres there and back from our nearest striking point—say, five flying hours. And our 'planes carry fuel for seven.

< < <

"Cut down the fuel load and carry bombs to make up. The Pilas couldn't retaliate. There's no big town of ours near enough for them to reach. Now you tell me, for you're an Englishman, why the devil we don't get on with this bombing at once. Only don't talk of 'Humanity!'... Dios! Think of my boys in the trenches."

"Why pick on me, Colonel?" I retorted. "Can I help it that the League of Nations, which has given Bolivia its official blessing, would be horrified if we 'strafed' a city full of women and children? Is it my fault that the Argentine is only waiting for a good excuse to jump in and help 'the aggressor'?"

"Agreed, agreed!" he snapped. "Civilisation insists upon our being 'decent'; but what do you think personally?" I shrugged my shoulders and did not answer. The Colonel laughed as though he and I shared in a sort of joke—the grim joke of "humanity" in modern war.

The Paraguayans at that time had some four thousand men entrenched at the head of the road running due West through the forest from Piculiba. Their line was just another of those capital "T's" I have already described with the top facing us.

Our plan was to go round each flank, north and south, with about four thousand troops on each side to cut the enemy off at the base of the T.

At the same time another force of two thousand was to start a frontal attack to cover the flank movements. Colonel Toro was to direct the entire infantry operation, and his chief difficulty would be to see that each wing linked up at the right place: troops got lost so easily in that country.

I played some part in the beginning of this movement, carrying out several observation and bombing raids and doing a little "ground-strafting."

Rocca lost his way back to the aerodrome on one of these flights, not to mention all our supporting machines, but luckily, once one was over the enemy's lines, one only had to fly due West to hit the range of mountains at the back of our 'drome.

< < <

I explained this to him in a venomous shout, and he flashed his white teeth at me with a grin of delighted comprehension. For once he made a fair landing.

We had just reached the stage when our advance guards had moved out left and right well behind the top of the Paraguayan "T" position, and when it had become a very tricky business to drop bombs for fear of hitting our own troops, as I did on my last raid on that front.

On my return, Colonel Jordan ordered



A fiesta was in full swing, with plenty of beer, and native women to dance with for those who cared about it

me to Villa Montes and thence to Currurenda, from which latter aerodrome we were later to bomb Camachu, some hundred and fifty miles behind the Paraguayan lines.

This township was an important troop and transport centre, and we were to use three Junkers for the raid.

I was sorry to miss the grand finale of the Carandaiti Piculiba push, and there were friends at Carandaiti I hated to leave. But I was glad to be quit of poor Rocca, and this in spite of the fact that, as we should be flying so far behind the enemy lines, I didn't relish the possibility of engine failure.

All our boys had a strong impression that if one did force-land among the Pilas one would die rather stickily.

From Villa Montes two days later I flew as co-pilot to Currurenda, and it was the first time I had handled the controls on a machine of the Junkers type.

< < <

The weather was awful, with clouds down to 500 feet. We had all our work cut out to keep the old bus on a level keel, but we made the aerodrome safely at half-past two in the afternoon and learned that we were to take off at six o'clock the following morning for the Camachu raid.

There is something cold about a dawn raid even in the tropics. I have always suffered from a tight, "lead" sort of feeling round the base of my tummy before the start of anything I'm really keen about.

I used to get it at school just before the pistol went off for the quarter-mile or as I was clambering through the ropes into the ring. It comes back to me unchanged before every raid.

The feeling of depression reaches its peak when I step into the blast, or back-wash, of the airscrew. The machine is always "run up" by the mechanic before the pilot arrives.

Once I'm in with my hands on the wheel (our bombers had a big wheel mounted on a column, unlike the fighters with nothing but a "joy stick") and the throttle is eased open for taxiing, the tight, leaden feeling disappears and in its place as I take off there comes a warm tingle of excitement.

But there was nothing doing when we left our tents on that particular morning. Suarez was to be my co-pilot for the raid, but the rain fell in torrents from black clouds that hung low and the weather did not change for three interminable days.

We returned to breakfast morosely and

rather deflated, but later on news came through from Carandaiti that the big push was going great guns.

Colonel Toro's troops had captured 500 prisoners, including five officers, and seventy trucks, or lorries, full of various stores. The action was still in progress and a much bigger success was expected once the pincers had completely closed.

Most of us went on the spree to celebrate the glad news. A lorry ran us down to the great Pilcomayo River and we crossed to a village on the Argentine side. There was a "fiesta," or local fête, in full swing there and plenty of beer and native women to dance with for those who cared about it.

The women seemed grotesque to me, thinking of my own girl, and I stuck to the beer, which was harmless if not particularly good. We were back in the 'drome by nightfall, and it was still pelt-ing with the clouds right on the floor.

Most of my kit was still in Carandaiti, and I hadn't even got a clean shirt. That annoyed me beyond all reason as I lay sweating under canvas, cursing the war and all women, and driven almost frantic by the hideous uproar of the frogs.

< < <

But the big raids—a whole series of them—came off at last. I ought to say something about our three practically new Junkers K.43 all-metal monoplanes, for in a way I was responsible for converting them into the most powerful units of the squadron which came to be known and feared by the Paraguayans as the "Escadrille Punta de Alas"—the Pointed Wing Squadron.

These machines were driven by a single Pratt and Whitney engine, and, though they were fitted for high-altitude bombing work, they had never been used for this purpose, for the simple reason that nobody happened to know very much about the subject until I came along.

They mounted three machine guns, one firing through the arc of the propeller, one firing back and up, and the third down below.

Back in Villa Montes, our chief aerodrome, I had persuaded Colonel Jordan to let me have a few men to train as bomb aimers. He gave me permission at once to have the Junkers refitted with their bomb racks, and I was able to dig

(Continued on page 28)

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She awoke much brighter. That day she was energetic enough to join in the games. "Diana's bucking up," said Elsie. "She looks amazingly attractive when she smiles."

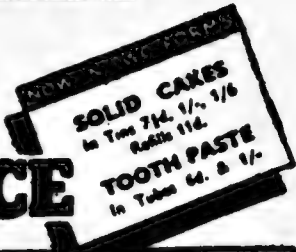


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out the sights which had arrived with the machines from Germany and had since been lying in their cases in the store-room!

They were Busche sights of the telescopic type and similar in principle to the high-altitude drift sight used in our own Royal Air Force.

It didn't take more than a week or two to train two sub-lieutenants in the use of these sights, and, before the war ended we had a grand crew, and these three machines played a well-nigh vital part in many important operations.

We were virtually "on trial" for our first raid with the Junkers. It was grand to feel complete confidence in Suarez, my co-pilot, and what a change after flying with young Rocca!

All of us knew that we had to make good, for the Junkers had been used as hospital transports and freighters for urgent supplies, and we should never have been allowed to have them "for keeps" unless we got results.

At this time, too, although we were attacking successfully from Carandaiti towards Piculba, the enemy was gravely threatening our troops at El Carmen, where an exactly similar encircling movement was in progress, but with the Paraguayans attacking. El Carmen, therefore, became our immediate objective instead of Camachu.

Dawn again, and the same uneasy feeling in the pit of the stomach. No rain this time, though. Suarez and I took our places. We carried six bombs, each weighing 120 lb., under our wings. They were fitted with instantaneous fuses for use against troops.

We were off and flying steadily towards our objective. There was the road at last, a light beige ribbon cutting through the dark green pile carpet of the forest. I looked down at wiggly, dark lines which were our own trenches with V-shaped marks every twenty or thirty yards showing the machine gun posts.

Then we were over the enemy lines. They were shooting at us. I could see a succession of little flashes coming from a clearing—an anti-aircraft gun doing its stuff.

Suarez saw them too. He pointed downwards and shouted a word: "Erinkons!" That was a new Swiss quick-firer doing about a hundred and sixty rounds a minute.

He laughed, for the shooting was very bad. I laughed back, but every now and then we could feel a queer jolt, rather like a car going over a pothole, when a burst came close.



We were getting near our target now. Through my glasses I could make out the edge of a clearing facing our lines. The Pilas were beneath us. Suarez took over the controls as I unstrapped myself, worked out of my seat and pushed my way into the cabin.

It didn't take long to open up the floor and slip the Busche sights into their support. They looked like overgrown aluminium telescopes with a few stop watches and compasses stuck over them here and there.

Presently, looking through the lens, I was yelling directions to Suarez. Then we were flying for what seemed to be a concentration of troops. I pulled over the toggle set to drop one bomb from my port wing.

Down it went, a great, fat, yellow egg, keeping pace with us but wobbling just a little. One of the vanes at the back must have been slightly bent.

As it neared the earth, it seemed to shoot forward—they always do when close to stationary objects. Then came

MY SQUADRON OF DEATH

(Continued from page 26)



NEXT WEEK:

A toast to the prisoners! But behind the mask of conviviality a ruthless endeavour to extract valuable military information. . . . This is but one of the crowded incidents in next week's instalment of Air Mercenary's amazing narrative

the hit. Below me I could see a column of dust rise and mushroom out. The Junker gave a queer little lurch and we could hear the flat smack of concussion and report.

That first bomb was intended as a sighter, but it was a grand hit, bang in the middle of the clearing. I yelled like a schoolboy. Men had been killed by that bomb, scores of them perhaps. They were no more than ants to me at that moment. Bombing was my work. I had devoted years of training to it.

Another mushroom a little to the left of my own, now collapsing. That came from Paravicini, flying on my tail. Then a third, wide of the mark, Moreno's this time.



I knew he wouldn't get his wind speed correctly, and I wished to heaven we had been fitted with inter-squadron radio telephony. I could have checked his settings for him then. But it will be standard equipment in the next European war!

We circled round and back up the same line of flight. I set the toggle to loose off two bombs together this time. They floated down perfectly steadily side by side. My eye was to the sight and I watched them all the way.

Smack! and one mushroom! Only one; they fell so close together, but it was gigantic with a yellow flash in its heart. Nothing but the span of my wings could have separated the two craters.

I heard "Fatty" Gordo, our mechanic, roar with delight. He hated the Pilas like poison and had served as a machine gunner in the infantry. Now, being unable to kill them any other way he always brought half a dozen Stokes twenty-pounders along with him and tipped them through the hole in the floor when a good opportunity occurred.

It was rather dangerous for us, but it seemed to satisfy some sort of urge in him which I hated to repress. He always worked on the motor much better when he came back feeling that he had killed a few Pilas. I suppose that's the way soldiers used to feel, but we're all so dashed impersonal nowadays. . . .

It was a game of follow my leader after that—round and round again, always bombing the same objective. (We learned later that we had inflicted heavy casualties and quite disorganised the Paraguayan advance.) Suddenly Gordo shouted something in my ear. I

couldn't hear what he said, but he pointed, and high above us I could see three planes, fighters, but not our own Hawks.

They were hanging back, not sure whether we were alone. Our Hawks must have grown bored, hanging over us at half throttle. They were probably buzzing about somewhere below—showing off like all the fighter pilots do.

I pulled off my last bomb in a hurry, and it went wide—thirty quid thrown away, but the Government could always buy bombs, and we only had one neck apiece. I got back to my seat beside Suarez to work the front gun.

I hadn't told him anything, but he had seen the Paraguayan fighters for himself. I knew it because he looked so desperately unconcerned. His handsome face didn't seem quite so swarthy as usual, but for all else he might have been practice flying.

Gordo was firing in short bursts from the thousand-rounds-a-minute Browning gun. He used to fire off a whole tin at a time. Thought he was back in the infantry I suppose. It took me hours to break him of the habit.



The Potez fighters looked beautiful as they swept round in a long slow bank, judging they were out of range. It seemed funny to see the Red, White and Blue (Paraguayan colours) on an enemy machine.

Then they came diving at us, and I opened up with my gun. Little taps like hailstones—their bullets, but only our wings. They were gone in a moment and then I saw them again, nose down, tailing hell for leather for home. Two of our Hawks had arrived, and they never stopped to argue with "Mister Hawk" as Belletrán always calls his own bus.

Dear old "Bill Trant!" He flashed by, waving his arm as he passed. He was near enough for me to see the flash of his smile in his darkly sun-tanned face. . . .

The excitement was over. It was no use chasing after fighters in our heavy tub, and our bombs were all gone. We turned and loitered home.

That night my log contained this entry under the date: "From Cururunda to El Carmen. Object, raid against enemy concentration. Time, two hours twenty minutes. Remarks, none."

It was a great day for all that. I turned in weak with laughter, for news had just come through from Carandaiti that Rocca had done in another under-carriage and his observer had punched him on the nose! Some men have all the luck.

(To be continued)

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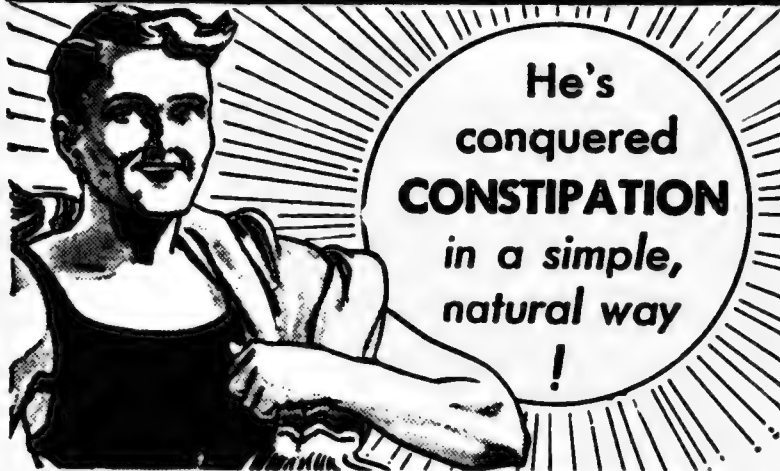
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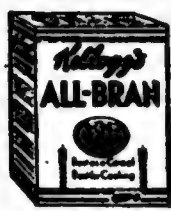
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Sir
Wyndham
Childs

A BLATANT effort to exploit the public in general and visitors to this country in particular, through a new publication entitled the *British Overseas Journal*, has been brought to my notice.

Behind the scheme for this supposedly important enterprise is a rogue of international notoriety who is at present using the name of William Archer. His record, indeed, is such that I deem it my duty to warn the public against him.

It is interesting and instructive first of all to refer to Archer's ambitious official letter paper. This bears the title "The British Overseas Journal—Published by the British Overseas Publications, 32, Shaftesbury Avenue (Trocadero Building), London."

Printed down one side of the paper is the additional information: Directors: L. Brighthouse, M.A., L. H. Cooke, W. Archer (general manager). Agencies: Paris; Berlin; Cairo; Alexandria; Cape Town; Adelaide; Sydney; and the names of the "Journal's" bankers and solicitors.

Why there should be this display of "directors" when the concern is not a company I cannot understand, except on the score that it is intended to create a good impression. Actually the only person in the business with control is Archer himself. "L. H. Cooke" is Archer's wife, and "L. Brighthouse, M.A." is somewhat of an unknown quantity.

Farcical

Incidentally the solicitors have informed Archer that they do not care to act for him any longer, and have given him instructions to remove their name from the letter paper.

British Overseas Publications is a private firm registered by Archer in January of this year. The list of agencies is just farcical.

Archer's idea is to bring out the *British Overseas Journal* as a quarterly.

The paper is intended to have a special appeal to visitors to this country from the Empire Dominions and possessions.

Whether the paper will ever appear remains to be seen. Its first issue has been definitely promised by Archer over a period of several months. So far it exists only in dummy form—work for which the printers have not been paid.

On the other hand, Archer has been securing fees for advertisements. Directly and through agents he has approached proprietary clubs, business houses, schools, and even money-lenders, obtaining advertisements from them for the periodical which does not show its completed face. In this way he has gathered considerable sums.

In dealing with prospective advertisers, Archer makes great play of the fact that through his organisation he will be able to introduce a number of wealthy clients from overseas. He promises members to clubs, customers to shops and pupils to schools.

One of Archer's dupes is a young man who has paid fees in order to be instructed in the business of

publication and advertising. Another is an ex-Army officer engaged by Archer to canvass schools for advertisements. He, using his own motor-car, worked for Archer in and about the home counties. But he never received the salary guaranteed under a service agreement.

Archer was always prolific in excuses to avoid payment. In the end this ex-officer was seriously embarrassed through lack of funds and Archer's default.

Looking back into the near past, I find that this kind of advertising swindle has been repeatedly played by Archer.

His tale

Before he embarked on the *British Overseas Journal*, Archer was working for an annual publication of a well-established Empire organisation.

For this annual he set out to organise a "scholastic department"—his own idea. He toured the country, visiting many schools, and obtained a long series of different advertisements of these establishments by making fantastic promises.

His tale when calling on the principal of a school was that he was deputed to send pupils from overseas to the school. As witness to that fact he produced letters—later discovered to be entirely bogus—purporting to come from places in the British Empire Dominions requesting him to find a suitable school for either two boys or two girls.

It was always two pupils he promised to send to the school, and he even made arrangements for their arrival.

On the strength of this undertaking he secured money from the principals of a number of schools for advertisements in the "Annual."

When the expected pupils did not materialise numerous complaints were lodged with the proprietors of the annual. Enquiries which followed the first complaint showed how widespread had been the misrepresentations of Archer. He had, of course, acted entirely

without authority. In consequence, cheques were returned to the advertisers by the firm.

Archer, before his methods were unmasked, had drawn commission and expenses for his advertising canvassing. By this means he cleared a considerable sum.

The "overseas racket"—the only adequate description—is the most fruitful source of Archer's income. At a still earlier stage he victimised nursing homes, representing that he was the agent of an "overseas guide." Here he did the same kind of thing as with the schools, but instead of pupils he pretended to introduce patients, and extracted money for advertising in return.

It is part of Archer's stock-in-trade that innumerable visitors from the corners of the Empire are constantly in touch with him and seeking his advice on all matters relating to their holidays in Britain.

He builds, in fact, a highly imaginary clientele, which he proceeds to sell to his own advantage and the detriment of the people who believe him.

Hair restorer

Mixed with this overseas business is a curious sideline. Archer is the chief mover in a private company, registered under the name of "Arch-Products (London), Ltd." He and his wife are the two directors. A chartered accountant, who was an original director, has severed his connection with the concern.

The company has been formed to "manufacture, develop, exploit and sell" a hair restorer called "Medulin."

What a remarkable mixture, overseas visitors and a secret something which is to make the hair grow!

During the past few months Archer has had many private addresses. He is constantly on the move, leaving debts behind him.

Actually the man is no stranger to prison. He has been convicted for various offences and sentenced in the United States, Canada, Egypt, and Belgium, as well as in this country. His overseas jail experience is certainly extensive.

He has used an assortment of names; for example, Leslie Howard Archer Cook, Leslie Harold Cook, William Grimwood, as well as his present William Archer.

I trust the publicity given to this rogue will prevent innocent people and business firms falling before his persuasiveness.

COLDS AND COUGHS CURED BY NEW HOME-MADE RECIPE

Actually it's an old-fashioned recipe brought right up to date. The home-made syrup you make by mixing an ounce of Double Strength Parmit with half a pint of sugar or honey syrup always has been the best of all remedies for colds, coughs or any catarrhal infection.

But now, when you get the Parmit from your chemist, he'll give you some special tablets called Parmitabs. Take one of these tablets first and it breaks up the phlegm which chokes your air passages. Your breathing instantly becomes easier, the noises in your head cease and the healing, soothing medicaments of the Parmit can get right at the infectious germs which have been lurking in the tiny airways.

You'll be surprised what instant relief this new Double Treatment brings and how quickly it gets rid of your trouble altogether. You've never had anything cure a cold so rapidly. Make a point of getting that Parmit to-day and make up a bottle of your own medicine at once. It's very economical and very easy to make up.

Head Pains and Debility

—four years' constant suffering

Mrs. — suffered almost continuously for four years from the after-effects of an operation. Her husband wasted pounds on medicines that proved useless after a few days.

Then—IRON 'JELLOIDS.' After only two days there was "a remarkable change." And this time the benefit was lasting! Three months later Mr. — wrote to say that "IRON 'JELLOIDS' have effected a wonderful recovery."

IRON 'JELLOIDS' ended four years of suffering that no ordinary medicine could relieve, because the real cause of Mrs. —'s continued ill-health was IRON STARVATION.



All treatment failed—until she tried IRON 'JELLOIDS'

Obviously, the only remedy for iron starvation must be MORE IRON. And doctors are agreed that the best form of iron you can take is that contained in IRON 'JELLOIDS'.

Start a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' at once. You will quickly regain health and energy. You will sleep well, enjoy your food, be full of vitality and your looks will glow with the beauty that vigorous health alone can give.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' do not blacken the teeth or upset the digestion. Every chemist sells them.

"Remarkable Change"

"IRON 'JELLOIDS' have transformed my wife's health. Since an operation FOUR YEARS AGO she has SUFFERED ALMOST CONTINUOUSLY from pains in the head and general debility. I have spent pounds on medicines that gave relief for a few days, but as soon as she became accustomed to them, the pain returned. After she had taken IRON 'JELLOIDS' for TWO DAYS I saw a REMARKABLE CHANGE. Now after 3 MONTHS' treatment IRON 'JELLOIDS' have effected a WONDERFUL RECOVERY." (Mr.)—

Iron Jelloids

correct the Iron Starvation which causes

Weakness	Breathlessness	Poor Appetite	Paleness
Exhausted Nerves	Faintness	Weak Digestion	Sallowiness
Lack of Energy	Palpitation	Constipation	Falling Hair
Tiredness	Heart Pains	Headaches	Brittle Nails
Liability to Colds	Numbness	Sore Tongue	Skin Blemishes

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

For WOMEN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2. For MEN: No. 2A. For CHILDREN: No. 1

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

ABOUT TEN MILLION MEN SHAVED
IN BRITAIN THIS MORNING

...and here's what most of them used!



Yes, Palmolive Shaving Cream has a bigger hold on the British shaving public than other shaving preparations. Most men find it just five times as good!

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2 Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
- 4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
- 5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

6d & 1/-



Its beauty is more than tin deep

The 'Minor' tin is made for use more than for show. It keeps De Reszke Minors fresh and uncrushed as the day you bought them. Slip it into pocket, handbag or rucksack—whatever you do, wherever you go—the oval tin 'takes the strain.'

And what a worthy mission in life,

to keep IN PERFECT CONDITION 30 De Reszke Minors. Each is a ten-minute smoke of the finest De Reszke tobacco, fragrant and well packed.

The price is 1/- for 30. Give them a trial straight away. They're at all tobacconists.

Ask for a tin of thirty De Reszke Minors

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.



could not eat
FRUIT

owing to

ACIDITY

If the food you like best doesn't like you, meals tend to become monotonous—a dull routine of uninteresting dishes. This man was fond of fruit, but had to avoid it because anything acid disagreed with him, and he knew no way of making it agree with him. Then he saw an advertisement for Digestif Rennie. Now read what he writes:—

'I suffered from Acidity for a considerable time, and was always feeling tired. My food did not agree with me, especially apples, gooseberries, or rhubarb, of which I am fond. Through an advertisement I learnt of Digestif Rennie. I went to the local chemist, and the Manager was so enthusiastic about it that I felt I must be on the right track. I never took more than one Rennie tablet after meals, and found immediate relief. I find after using Rennie for some time that now my stomach will take things which I know are good, but could not previously eat. I also find that the creation of 'gases' often inconvenient and unpleasant, seems to have entirely gone.'

H. F. Scunthorpe, Lincs.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles contain antacids which neutralise the excess acid—the main cause of indigestion. Other ingredients prevent stomach gas forming, remove poisonous toxins, increase the circulation of blood to the stomach, and actually help to digest food. Each tablet is separately wrapped in wax paper and easy to carry loose in your pocket or handbag. Two Rennies after meals and you can eat what you like! Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet



Is your
lavatory only
half-clean?



ONLY HALF CLEAN, because no brush can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Doesn't disinfect or deodorise.



COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the hidden bend in the pipe—cleans where no brush can ever reach. Disinfects. Deodorises, too! In New Easy Flow Tins—6d., 1/-, 1/9.

HARPIC

Cleans Completely!
Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

**RHEUMATISM
NEEDLESS SUFFERING**

"Urace brand tablets have relieved my rheumatism more than anything I have tried."—Nurse
Chesterfield. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.
From your chemist, 7/3 and 3/-.

Strictly Anonymous ..

IN the small town in which I live I am known as the "man who got on"—the man who has triumphed over every difficulty.

Eyes are fixed upon me as I move about in social circles, and I know then that people are discussing how I started at the bottom. I look out of my bedroom windows, sometimes, and see people pointing enviously at my fine home.

The climax came when I was asked to visit my old school and talk to the boys about success, and how to achieve it, the headmaster feeling sure that my recipe, whatever it was, would have a tremendous moral and uplifting effect on the boys.

If he had known that my recipe is one of which I am so thoroughly ashamed that I have never dared to reveal it to any living person—this "Strictly Anonymous" series, in fact, is the only means I have of releasing my conscience of a little of its burden—he would the better have understood my rather lame refusal.

I, having every ambition in the world to prosper but lacking the brains, exploited a man who had the brains but lacked the ambition. He was my best friend, at one time, too, until I mounted the pinnacle that was his by rights and started looking down patronisingly on him from its heights.

Then—well, that must take its proper place at the end of my confession.

I started my working career as an apprentice to a firm of agricultural engineers with the resolute determination, even when I was a boy of sixteen far beneath other boys in the firm in engineering ability, that somehow, by hook or by crook, I would become a master man, an employer of labour.

LEARN my job thoroughly as a prelude? I soon learned that in that particular business house such an idea was "the bunk." There were cleverer engineers than I all round me waiting to be exploited. That, I sensed at once, being far better equipped at the time with intuition than with fairness, was my shortest cut to the fame and prosperity I planned for myself.

With two weeks to go to the end of my apprenticeship, I could have been noticed by a casual observer to be making prolific notes when I should have been getting about my proper duties. I was planning to start a one-man business—for the repairing of agricultural machinery, for I could hardly hope to blossom out at once as a manufacturer—on borrowed capital and borrowed brains.

The question of capital presented difficulties not got over without a lot of wheedling. But brains I found it far easier to acquire.

During my apprenticeship I had formed a close acquaintance with a rather delicate lad five years my senior who possessed the most inventive mind of any person with whom I have come into contact.

Unfortunately for him—and luckily for me, as I viewed things at that time—he was entirely ignorant of his own great capabilities.

He was completely without the art of self-advertisement, and had the added qualities of simplicity, honesty and freedom from suspicion which made him just the right material for my purpose, which was to use him as a means of getting rich quickly.

I STARTED by asking him round to my one-man workshop. Night after night I listened intently while he told me what he would do with regard to certain machines I had in for repair. "That's what I decided to do myself," I always told him.

Sometimes I gave him a small job, for which I paid him at the local rates. He never knew that the only work that came his way was that which I was entirely unable to carry out myself.

And all the time I was getting from

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be Strictly Anonymous.

I STOLE Another's BRAINS



He would sketch out his priceless ideas and, trusting, would hand them to me

him all his ideas for improving machines. He would even commit these to paper, in the form of rough sketches, which he would hand over to me with that trustfulness that was the main characteristic of his nature.

My reputation grew and grew as a result of his help. More and more farmers who I knew to have been customers of the firm to which I had been apprenticed brought their work to me. At last I knew I wanted the services of a full-time man.

If I had offered my friend a partnership it would have been less than his due. But I started again by asking him if he would come at the same low local rate which he was receiving from his firm.

And because he had a tubercular sister to keep, and thought that he would be safer working for a big firm, he refused, while agreeing to continue helping me at local rates, in case my work grew beyond me and whatever regular man I took on.

MY conscience must have been non-existent in those days, for I went on steadily towards the success I planned, my banking account mounting higher with each month. And never did I spare a thought to the comparative poverty of my dupe.

Then one day I received an order from the head bailiff of the most prosperous farmer in the county. Could I repair a binder-reaper of obscure Continental make that presented a real problem, the more so because there wasn't a spare-part depot within 150 miles?

I knew that I only had to obtain that farmer's patronage to prosper—and so I said I would overhaul the machine and submit an estimate for the actual repair within 24 hours.

Mind you, I knew as soon as I saw the machine that it was beyond my experience. But I had never let lack of ability stand in the way of my progress, and didn't intend to now.

I sought out my friend, pretended to be discussing an entirely imaginary case of a broken-down reaper-binder, drew sketches of working parts, and stimulated the ideas that I knew would soon flow from the brain of the man. Nor was I disappointed. I soon knew he had his finger on the source of the trouble.

By the time I had promised an estimate I had delivered the machine—fully repaired. The farmer was delighted, told me that this was a bit different from the treatment he usually got from another firm, and I—in a burst of

generosity—gave my friend twenty cigarettes!

That, too, proved a good investment, for within two days he had come to me with plans for an attachment that would obviate such difficulty in the future—and my contract with that farmer became a fact. I was soon the most successful tradesman in the town.

NOW, the prosperity I had sought so assiduously was really dawning.

I married a woman whose money helped me to branch out on a bigger scale. I was able to build up a big staff. I had less use than formerly for my friend.

People in the district never took any notice of the man whose brain had done all this for me. He died, as he lived, an ordinary unimaginative, unambitious artisan, whose funeral nobody bothered to attend except his immediate relatives.

His doctor was my doctor at the end. It was the only thing we had in common. And he said to me: "It was t.b., you know. With his family history he was always a potential victim. A good holiday in Switzerland would have set him up. Good food would probably have saved him, but he couldn't afford it, you know."

Couldn't afford it! Couldn't afford the foods that would give him life, and yet I had been able to make thousands of pounds out of his knowledge.

And I, a mere exploiter, had been able to afford any luxury within reason that my mind might incline to.

Better than Bolts

While you are on holiday JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift will provide far greater security for the home than any bolts or bars, for it offers not only generous benefit for loss by burglary, but is the only paper in the world to safeguard its readers' household effects against damage by fire, storm, flood and tempest.

Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Isles and the Isle of Man. All they are asked to do before leaving is to instruct their new agent to resume regular delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return.

It will, of course, be necessary—in the event of an application for benefit arising—for them to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while away.

See the forms on page 42.

**BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN**
they're blended better



THEY'RE WILLS'S  **10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.**
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

GRAVES **BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE**



52" new month (less than 24d. a day)
Buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plated, Balloon or 5-spoke Handicaps, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories, Carry Paid £12.7.0 or 8/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear 44:17-6 Terms: 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free, Ladies' Men's, Juveniles' & Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models
J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

A Generous Free Sample of
Elasto *Regd.*
for all BLOOD DISORDERS AND CIRCULATORY TROUBLES
★ Turn to the Back Cover and fill in the Coupon—Now, while you think of it!

Help Kidneys Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. Unknown to you, weak Kidneys may be the real cause of your Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Bladder Trouble, Headaches, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Your life may be in danger. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription **Cystex (Silo-tex)**. £1.000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new health and vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 3 days or money back on return of empty packet. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day.

Radio Enthusiasts—
Send for this FREE BOOK!

Turn to Page 25 and fill in the Coupon!

Short-wave reception is opening up new worlds of entertainment. Just how you can make the most of these new possibilities is explained in an enlightening book just issued by Ferrett from a copy of which can be secured by any reader of "John Bull" who simply fills in the coupon on p. 25. Full details of the new Ferrett Radio Receivers are also given in this unique Guide to better radio reception. Send for your copy to-day!



Shaving every day is easy, comfortable and quick with an Easy Shaving Stick. Economical, too—for Lever's Easy costs a mere sixpence, yet gives a hundred perfect shaves. Its creamy lasting lather tones up the face and leaves it feeling fine. See that Easy Shaving Stick is on the next grocery list.

LEVER'S **Easy** **SHAVING STICK** **100 SHAVES FOR 6d**
A LEVER PRODUCT **K 248-172-55**

Look into "JOHN BULL'S" "Shop Window" and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Valuable Bargains. See pages 2, 3 and 18.

A FREE TRANSFER OF A PRETTY TRAY CLOTH WILL BE SENT IN EXCHANGE FOR LIDS FROM ROBIN STARCH
—If you use the Special Coupon below.

An easy-to-work transfer of this delightful tray cloth will be sent in exchange for the lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet of Robin Starch; OR lids bearing prices to the amount of 10d. from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. Post in a sealed, stamped envelope with the coupon.

POST THIS COUPON To Pattern Dept., RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL.
I enclose Robin Starch lids bearing prices to the amount of 10d. Please send an embroidery transfer of Tray Cloth R.K. 112, measuring 20 in. x 14 in. (PLEASE WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS)

Name.....
4/29.8.36
Address.....

CIGARETTES COST LESS

and you get
all the real
flavour of your
tobacco if you

ROLL IN A.G.



Try it. You'll never change back. You'll notice the improvement first puff. The real tobacco flavour comes through almost as though no paper were there—because A.G. is thinner and absolutely pure. Get the improved automatic packet. It gives one paper at a time, gummed edge first always, and tells when you're near the end. Insist on A.G.—it's worth it.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS
Now packed
in 2 styles
**THE IMPROVED
AUTOMATIC PACK**
COSTS NO MORE

GRAVES Beats the World
For Quality & Value



This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient trouble-free Wireless Set.

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.S. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 3-volt Accumulator; Long-life B.T. Batteries; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **24.17.6**

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. F. of Bethnal Green, writes:—"Received Wireless Set in perfect condition and I must say it is a wonderful set for the money. My sister heard it, and said for one the same day, which she has also received and thinks wonderful. My father has got a Wireless Set that he had from you 5 years ago, and it is still in good working order, with the same valves you sent with the set."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets. **J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**

**Have You Accepted the
Free Offer on page 27?**
Turn to it now!

Don't overlook the unique opportunity for every housewife to prove how delightful Stork Margarine is and how it will make all your cooking taste nicer—free of charge! All you have to do is to fill in the coupon on p. 27 in return for which you will receive a copy of the Stork Cookery Book and a special voucher entitling you to obtain 1 lb. of Stork Free from your regular grocer. Send the coupon NOW before it's too late! Hurry!

In Love with a 'BAD LOT'

WHEN I was a young fellow I was concerned about one of my friends who had started to mix with bad companions. I wanted to talk to him about it, but remembered the words of my mother: "Never burn your fingers to snuff another man's candle." In other words, don't interfere.

Looking back, I am not sure that that advice was right. If you see a man standing on the verge of a precipice, it is only common decency to warn him of the danger. There are occasions when it is cowardly to keep silent.

Let me prove that contention by a letter from one of my correspondents. This woman writes:—

I am very worried about my youngest brother. He is twenty-two years old and has always been very much attached to me. About two years ago he fell in love with a girl he met at a party and the friendship has continued ever since.

She is eight years older than he, but that would not matter so much if we felt that she would make him a good wife. But both my husband and I are sure that

this would not be so, for she has no decent instincts whatever. There is not a public-house or a dance hall for miles around that she does not frequent and she associates with all sorts of shady characters.

What grieves us is that she seems to be dragging my brother down into the same sort of groove as herself, and yet, Mr. Inman, the lad is goodness itself and it is breaking my heart to see him now. We do not want to have the name of causing a break between them, but if they should marry we can see nothing but disaster in front of them. We are placing ourselves entirely in your hands and whatever you say we will carry out because we have so much faith in you.

NOW I can understand the anxiety of this woman. There is nothing worse than to see a loved one making a mistake of this kind.

I have been thinking of the best way to deal with the problem. It will require a great deal of tact, for a young fellow of twenty-two can be very obstinate. The more his desires are opposed, the keener becomes his determination to go on with them.

Greatest of These

A Plucky Mother



Renee

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Renee has been a little out-patient at a children's hospital since birth for thyroid gland trouble. She was born when her father was on the danger list at a mental hospital.

"Unless Renee takes a regular supply of thyroid tablets," says her mother, she has no vitality and only wants to sleep, and without this treatment she would gradually fade out altogether. She is a little backward and sometimes unsteady on her feet, but she has made wonderful progress.

"My position is one of acute distress, as I have four children dependent on me, including three under nine years of age. The rent of the flat I occupy is 25s. a week. I came here intending to let apartments to maintain my family, but just a week before I moved I was unfortunate enough to lose what little furniture I had been able to get since losing everything three years ago under a bill of sale."

Donations earmarked "Renee," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



When a love-blinded youth will not listen to the advice of his parents, a kindly word from an elderly friend often has the desired effect

I do not think my correspondent should be for ever running down this girl. She should have one straight and sympathetic talk with her brother. She can point out that, because of her great love for him, she has his interests at heart. She can go on to say that marriage is the closest relationship on earth and that if happiness is to result there must be a bond of respect and understanding between husband and wife.

If that talk should not bear fruit, I wonder if there is anyone outside the family who has influence with her brother. Intervention of that kind has sometimes more weight than when it comes from a near relation. It destroys any suggestion that the person is biased.

One other suggestion I would make. I think if it is possible my correspondent should have one or two little parties in her home where her brother could meet people about his own age. That would give him some other interest to occupy his spare time and he might meet someone who would be more suitable to him in every way.

MY next problem comes from a mother who tells me that both she and her husband are worried about their only child, a boy of nineteen:—

A year ago (she writes) our son left home to take up employment in a business a hundred miles away. He has recently been home for a few days' holiday and we find him greatly changed. He brought with him a girl's photograph and one or two small gifts from her.

On asking her age, I was astonished to find that she was twenty-nine. She is employed in the same firm as my son, and they are going out regularly together. The boy is completely infatuated and my husband says that if he persists in this association he will bring him home again. As there is not the slightest chance of his finding employment in this village, this would be a serious matter for us.

I should not worry so much if our son were the flighty sort, but he has always been very steady, and whilst I do not wish to be unkind to the girl, I am sure you will agree that a difference of ten years is far too much.

"WE found our boy greatly changed," says this mother. But in what way? Has he developed any bad habits? Or is it that my correspondent finds she has taken second place in his affections? Most parents have to face that possibility, and, hard though it is, it is in the natural order of things.

I agree that a difference of ten years—especially when it is on the girl's side—is a big one. But a great deal depends upon temperament.

I have known many happy marriages even when the wife has been ten years older than the husband.

Now the mother does not want her boy to give up his work nor does she wish to lose his affection. I suggest, therefore, that she and her husband should either journey to the place of his employment and make the acquaintance of the girl or else ask that son to bring her home so that they can judge for themselves. As things are, they know of nothing to her detriment. If they should find in her traits that they do not like, they would have justification for their objections.

In my third problem I am not asked how to put an end to an undesirable entanglement, for in this case the marriage has already taken place. The mother is anxious to know what to do in order to make the best of a bad job. Here is her letter:—

During the war when my son was at the Front his sweetheart gave him up, intending to marry someone else, but when peace was declared she wrote saying that she had not been married after all, and asked if the friendship could be renewed. He refused and shortly afterwards became friendly with a girl who was entirely unsuitable for him. He went to see her every week-end and then one day he brought her home, and to our intense surprise told us that he had been married to her for two years.

My husband and I have economised in every way to help our son in his business, but his wife is extravagant, and instead of paying his way he has run into debt and his father has had to pay his bills with money he could ill afford. They have a sweet little girl who likes to come to see us, but her mother keeps her away to annoy us. I have made several frocks for her which have been given away, my daughter-in-law saying that she can afford to buy them herself. But all the time the money comes from us, and we have now told our son that he must stand on his own feet.

I SAID that I thought of going to have a talk with his wife, but he does not want me to do this as she would only insult me. How can I help matters? I think this woman and her husband are wise in ceasing to support their son financially. He is of an age to "stand on his own feet," and he must either make his business pay, or if that is impossible obtain other work.

This may not help to heal the breach between that mother and her daughter-in-law. But the antagonism has persisted in spite of this monetary assistance. So this action could not make the position worse.

I sympathise with my correspondent's desire for a better understanding, and as there seems some objection to her calling upon her daughter-in-law I suggest that she should write a kind and friendly letter to her. It may be that an appeal of this sort will meet with a ready response. If it does not, this woman will have endeavoured to act as peacemaker. And in the future there could never be any regrets on her part.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 is. will be paid for each letter quoted.



MRS. E. H. HOLEHOUSE,
70, Countess Street, Acerington,
says:—

"I want to tell you that Birley's Antacid Powder is the best thing I have ever taken."

FLATULENCE & INDIGESTION WITH PAINS IN THE HEAD KEPT ME AWAKE AT NIGHT SALLOW COMPLEXION

Dear Sirs,—For about six years I have been a martyr to wind and indigestion and often had to get up in the night to try and get relief. I have been afraid to eat for fear of discomfort and pain. I had practically no appetite at all. My tongue was coated and my bowels most irregular. Severe headaches were frequent and I never felt well, but had always a feeling of lassitude and general weakness.

With continuous stomach troubles my whole system became thoroughly out of order and my complexion turned to a sallow, unhealthy colour.

I tried all kinds of treatment and other well-known remedies with unsatisfactory results, but although disheartened, after reading some of the wonderful testimonials you publish I sent for the large Trial Tin you offer. I took a dose directly it came and it gave me instant relief.

I cannot tell you how thankful I am to have at last found the right thing for my many distressing troubles. I have had two tins since you sent me the sample, and I shall never be without Birley's Antacid Powder in the home.

I took the Powder three times a day in the specified doses for several weeks, but now just one dose the last thing every night.

I now get restful sleep without the dreadful flatulence and indigestion from which I suffered so many years.

ALL MY FOOD DISAGREED

INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN,

BILIOUSNESS, WITH PAIN AND WIND ROUND HEART AFFECTED MY NERVES

Dear Sirs,—About three years ago I began to have severe attacks of indigestion and all my food disagreed with me.

At times I had much pain round the heart caused by wind settling there, and nothing I took would move it.

With frequent bouts also of heartburn and biliousness life was becoming a burden and my nerves became affected because, I suppose, I was not getting proper nourishment from what I ate.

During those three years I tried all kinds of treatment and nothing seemed to suit me; in fact, I began to think my poor state of health would become chronic until I took Birley's Antacid Powder.

The first dose of your valuable powder gave me instant relief from the pain round the heart, and in no time I began to feel a different man. My food was digested properly, my bowels became regular, the coating on my tongue disappeared and my appetite improved.

I began by taking a dose after each meal as you prescribe, and later, as all the distressing symptoms left me, I took a teaspoonful of the powder last thing every night and have continued to do so ever since. It keeps me in a better state of health.

I have highly recommended your powder to all our friends as being the best remedy I know of.



MR. F. G. SQUIRES, Age 64.
Aylmerton Villa, Costessey, Norwich.

"Birley's Antacid Powder is the best remedy I know of. It keeps me in a better state of health."



EXACT SIZE
OF 9d.
TIN.

The 9d. Tin is put up for FREE
Trial only and is NOT for Sale.

SOLD ONLY IN TINS,
1/2, 3/4, 5/-
OF ALL CHEMISTS,
including All Branches
of BOOTH, TAYLORS,
TIMOTHY WHITE.

A TRUE RAPID-ACTION REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

Advanced research work has evolved this new stomach remedy. It is better, surer and quicker in action than anything medical science has ever before been able to offer to sufferers.

RELIEF FOR YOUR STOMACH TROUBLES—
it costs you only 9d. stamp to try this great new preparation.

Are you suffering from Indigestion or its kindred ailments? Here's the relief you want—relief that's certain—*instantaneous*—in which we have such confidence that we offer to GIVE you your first supply. You'll find that Birley's Antacid Powder clears Acidity from the whole 30 feet of foodway of both Stomach and Intestines and from the blood-stream and muscular system. It is the one Antacid that can be taken REGULARLY, for it is entirely free from cell-clogging ingredients, which cling to the linings of the stomach and intestines and choke the millions of gland-ducts through which flow the all-important DIGESTIVE JUICES.

Birley's non-clogging prescription by its cleansing, purifying and soothing action creates and maintains a healthy, unobstructed flow of juices from every single duct of the digestive organs. Birley's enables you to eat what you like without fear of pain afterwards, and is tasteless, odourless and harmless. It is absolutely safe to take at all ages and at all times.

Cut the coupon out now and post immediately. We will pay the postage on the FREE 9d. tin. AND you'll be amazed at the wonderful relief which even a single dose will give you.

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW!

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD., No. 74
16-18, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N. 1

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder, so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

Signature
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Use unsealed envelope with 9d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. Please write clearly.

BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

THERES ALWAYS TIME FOR A STAR

- before
you go up



WILLS'S **STAR** CIGARETTES

10 for 4^p 15 for 6^p 30 in box 1/-

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

**TOP MILL
SNUFF**

HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy yet as comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere.

Would You Like a ½-lb. packet of STORK MARGARINE?

—it's FREE in return
for the Coupon on p. 27.

Every woman should welcome this chance to get a half-pound packet of Stork Margarine from her regular grocer without any charge whatsoever. This can be done simply by filling in the coupon on p. 27. Hurry! before it's too late—send the coupon NOW while you think of it!

FREE

TO READERS OF THIS PAPER

THE "BIG TWO" FOOTBALL ANNUAL

The most complete Football
Guide

FOUR YEARS' FORM AT A GLANCE

with blank columns for weekly results

**CROWDED WITH RECORDS
and useful information.**

POST YOUR REQUEST TO-DAY

Please send me your Football Annual

I am over 21 years of age.

Name

Address

Town

County

DAVID COPE
227 BATH ST. GLASGOW G2

INVESTOR (London, E.C.4).—"It is fatal to get into tin." Sardines hold the same view.

SENIOR (Croydon).—"What is most certain to make a sports starter a failure?" A halting voice.

CURIOS (Dunfermline).—"Which class of sportsmen takes the narrowest view of things?" Rifle marksmen.

H. T. (St. Albans).—"A man's best friend today is his hair." Unfortunately the best of friends fall out.

MARKET GARDENER (Wimborb).—"Cauliflowers are easily the most popular vegetable." But beans are runners-up.

N. S. (Barnstaple).—"On arriving here, I find that the windows of my rooms are very dirty." That's a bad look out.

S. P. (Exeter).—"My employer, a chemist, frequently gives way to outbursts of temper." Yet he is used to bottling things up.

K. P. (Frome).—"Some people take a very queer view of their summer holidays." Yes, and the trouble is they will paste them in albums.

MOTORIST (Dundee).—"A driving examiner must not be imaginative." It certainly would not do if he were given to passing fancies.

AGENT (Holborn).—"I am anxious to book a really good boomerang-throwing act for a London music-hall." You want to stage a come-back?

HIGHLANDER (Oban).—"You'll never catch a bagpipes-player going out of his way to look at a beautiful bathing girl." Well, she might take his breath away!

MILLINER (Regent Street).—"Half-brim hats are definitely the fashion." As a husband, we are still waiting for half-crown ones to become the craze.

F. G. T. (Southport).—"A Canadian cattle-brander has been chosen to represent his country on the rifle-range." Well, he ought to know how to score bulls.

C. L. (Ealing).—"Do you know where the most expensive square in London is to be found?" Yes, in a night club, and it is called a sandwich.

BILL (Esher).—"The reason she gave me for breaking off our engagement was that I was not good-looking enough." Plain speaking with a vengeance.

TOM H. (Streatham).—"It makes a lot of difference to an architect if he has a clear site to deal with." Certainly, he has different views upon it.

G. D. (Swanage).—"What else can a man want except a good deal of enjoyment out of his camera?" Some good photos.

ELECTRICIAN (West Hartlepool).—"As soon as I saw the bell I knew at once that it was the push which was wrong." You put your finger on it.

GUNSMITH (Enfield).—"When testing a rifle it accidentally went off and the bullet only just missed the foreman." Who promptly fired you, too?

FRED C. (Prescot).—"I was invited to attend the fancy dress dance as a knight in armour, and I'm afraid I couldn't get out of it." The invitation or the armour?

MANAGER (London).—"I use my tongue a great deal upon the new recruits to professional football." In an attempt to lick them into shape.

ZOOLOGIST (Leeds).—"The average crocodile is brutally vicious, and you can't get away from it." Then we sincerely hope we shall never have to try!

PLAYWRIGHT (Surrey).—"I should like to see a dramatic critic try to write a play." Many dramatic critics say that they would like to see playwrights try to do the same!

G. L. (Greenock).—"Although I couldn't discover anything that the burglar had stolen, I could distinctly see his track across the lawn." You found the route he had taken, anyway.

T. D. (Chatham).—"I am applying for a good job, and think I stand a good chance if I can get my uncle, who is a dentist, to speak for me." He has a good pull?

T. G. (Luton).—"According to a newspaper report, a cannibal chief has eaten his mother-in-law, sister-in-law and two brothers-in-law." Living on his wife's relations, eh?

F. L. (Highgate).—"When a bursting gas main caused debris to shower on them a gang of labourers ran into a public-house for safety." Trust the British working man to keep his head in dire emergency!



H. D. (Bade).—"Too many conflicting interests control the B.B.C." And our wireless set, too!

The EDITOR Laughs LAST



"We made her talk, sir—but how are we going to make her stop?"
From "The Passing Show"

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to far-reaching correspondents are for your entertainment.

K. L. (Penzance).—"Some wives take to bridge naturally." And some take to bridge more than they bring home.

DETECTIVE (Scotland Yard).—"Bandits never think." It's other people's brains they cudgel.

PANIC (Newquay).—"When the pipe burst, I didn't know what to do, for I couldn't find the water-cock." You didn't know where to turn.

T. E. S. (Wantage).—"It isn't every motorist who can say that he keeps near the hedge on his right side of the road." No, far from it.

DAD (Derby).—"My undergraduate daughter recently alluded to a peasant as a pheasant!" That was making game of the fellow.

POOR (Bath).—"I once took three years on one single line." You must have been travelling by the train that brings us to town.

DAD (Sudbury).—"While doing a crossword recently, my undergraduate son was unable to give a word of five letters meaning splendour or magnificence." Glory!

SEAMAN (Grimsby).—"The whale's teeth were distributed among the crew, but the one I got was only an inch long." Not a whale of a tooth for a tooth of a whale!

G. B. (Sutton).—"I know an air-mail pilot who never stays in one job for more than a few months." He is continually taking up another post.

OFFICE CLEANER (London, E.C.2).—"When one of my pals took the rise out of me because my job is cleaning floors I gave him a good hiding." You mopped him up.

AUTHOR (Lewes).—"As a writer of musical comedies, I find that I do my best writing at the most unexpected times and places." For instance, if somebody drank your cocktail at a club, you would quickly create a scene?

NEWLY-MARRIED (Carlton).—"I call her my 'Little Precious,' and next year—"

T. R. (Workson).—"Adding machines will soon displace bank clerks altogether." Then they won't count at all.

MOTHER (Joppa).—"How can I make my baby boy put on weight?" Carry him a few miles.

P. H. (Brighton).—"It is very hard to be without money on the beach." Stony, in fact.

L. J. (Poole).—"Although the harbour is crowded with shipping, it is sometimes very treacherous in bad weather." It is full of craft.

DISCOURAGED (Norwich).—"There is no way of breaking my apprenticeship to a leather manufacturer." You find yourself hidebound.

GENEROSITY (Stamford).—"The farther I can get away from mean people, the better I'm pleased." You don't like them too close.

V. B. (London).—"A registrar said recently the worst characteristics of a man come out when he drives a car." We have heard them.

T. B. (Norwich).—"It looks as if I will have to go without a summer holiday this year." And it looks as if we will have to go without a summer.

ETHEL V. (St. Ives).—"I'm just mad to think I started sunbathing." It's a sore spot with you?

H. G. (Bridgwater).—"I got the car for half the price it is really worth." So you're still driving a bargain.

DOCTOR (Edinburgh).—"Some of those slimming diets make one gasp." They are meant to take one's breadth away!

B. B. (Hastings).—"Who so troubled as the man owing money?" The man to whom he owes it.

H. H. (Hythe).—"In some parts a bus is not picked up easily." In any case, one has to have colossal strength.

CURRENCY REFORMER (Stockport).—"Are you in favour of getting rid of coinage?" No, but we have to!

H. C. (Hove).—"The boys are storing their cricket gear in the church tower, but it is so damp that they must be crazy." They have bats in the belfry, eh?

W. L. (Canterbury).—"When a man decides to take a holiday he should do it in a carefree spirit and leave his trouble behind." He can't if she holds the tickets.

M. D. (Manchester).—"A child can begin to learn to play the piano at the age of four." That's the trouble.

INTERESTED (Batham).—"Placed end to end, how far would all the radio sets in Britain reach?" Not so far as one of this week's 75 All-wave Radios can reach out for programmes. Turn to page 43, win one and tour the world by turning a knob!

C. H. (Knebworth).—"A friend of mine left in the middle of a game of golf in order to get married." We fear that a player who allows social engagements to interfere with his game will never make a good golfer.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent, 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

KIDDERMINSTER SHUTTLE.—"... no person ever endured herself more to a community. . ."

LIVERPOOL ECHO.—"... was taken on board as a distressed British seaman."

ASHEVEN EVENING EXPRESS.—"... overcoats and umbrellas were conspicuous instead of sunshades and flimsy rocks."

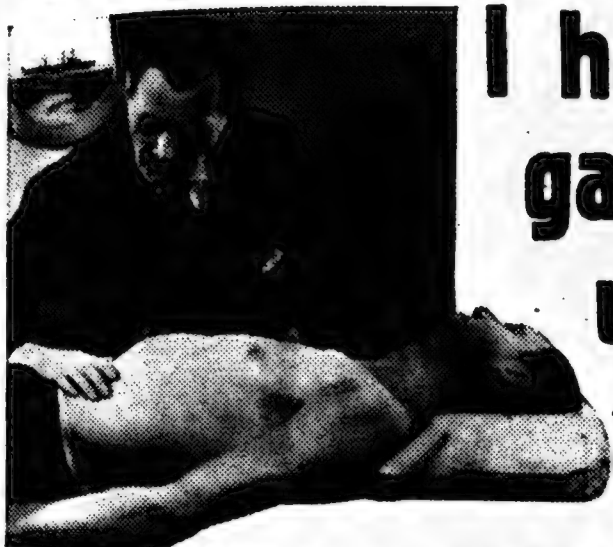
EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES.—"Little girls dressed in white, walked in front, strewing rose petals in the way."

HUDDESFIELD EXAMINER.—"The evening was left to the indiscretion of the members."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS.—"I was driving my steam-wagon and slowed up behind a stationary bus. When the bus started I began to gain speed again. . ."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN.—"The horses paired off and an iron-grey chummed up with a mare that was blind since she was a colt."

Ship's doctor said I had a gastric ulcer



"Relief was
marvellous"

writes Mr. Olson

What a terrible plight to be in! Constant pain through stomach trouble is bad enough for anyone, but the dismal prospect of an operation makes matters ten times worse.

Mr. Olson, of Hainault, Ilford, tells how, in such a desperate situation, he successfully found relief. Read his letter:-

"I am a seafaring man and for years have suffered terribly with my stomach. Two months ago I was examined by the ship's doctor, and he told me I had an ulcer and would very likely have to go under an operation.

"Then I tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The relief was marvellous, and now I am quite well again. The doctor is passing me O.K. My stomach is better than it has been for years and years. All thoughts of an operation are

banished, for there is no need of one now. I take a dose regularly or when I get any pain. I recommend it to anyone who suffers with their stomach. I have tried many 'cures,' but this is the best so far."

You can stop your stomach pain in the same quick way that brought Mr. Olson his release. Stomach trouble means that food is not properly digested, causing wind or gas. Painful gnawing acid eats into the stomach walls, leading to dreaded gastric or duodenal ulcers.

The original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder stops the trouble, removes the cause, and protects you from further attack. There are imitations of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, so be careful when buying to see the signature "Alex. G. Maclean" on both bottle and carton.



All Chemists sell MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder and Tablet form. Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

Look for this Signature—

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons, both bearing the signature

Alex. G. Maclean

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 25 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and so good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 2/3d. and 5/-.

Don't overlook the
"John Bull" Shop Window
on pages 2 and 3 and
The "Small Ads. Worth Watching"
on page 18.

ASTHMA

If you want relief from spells of hard breathing, choking and wheezing that makes you gasp for breath, try Himrod's Cure. It has brought relief to sufferers for over sixty five years.

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST
Insist on the genuine

HIMROD'S CURE

The Latest Radio News!
"THE PEOPLE'S SET"

—full particulars free.

Quality
Radio for
7/6 down
and weekly
terms as
low as 1/6.

PHILCO announce on page 12 the introduction of the latest popular price radio receiver within the means of every household in the country. See it—listen to it. It gives full superhet performance. Details are given on page 12, but you will be well advised to get the fullest particulars of the Set by filling in and posting the special coupon appearing in the announcement.



"I WAS A CARPENTER...
UNTIL DIRT-BRED GERMS
COST ME
MY ARM"

This is the sort of thing which the dangers of dirt constantly lead to. It may happen in your home next week—to-morrow, if you are leaving yourself open to the dangers of infection from dirt-bred germs.

Only by doing away with all dirt can you be really safe. If you leave a scrap of dirt behind germs may breed and lie in wait to infect the tiniest cut or graze, and to attack a run-down system. Use a soap that takes dirt completely away—use Family Health Soap always.



TERRIBLE FACIAL ERUPTION

"I had a bad breaking-out on the right side of my jaw. It got worse, and I was compelled to stay indoors owing to its spreading round my chin. One night I washed my face and chin with Family Health and dabbed the affected part very carefully. Like magic, the irritation stopped."

Testimonial No. 10780

You owe to yourself
and to everyone in
your home to see that

washing with Family Health Soap becomes a habit.



2½ per
two tablet 5d
carton
also oversize
tablet 3d

WHERE THERE'S
DIRT THERE'S
DANGER

PROTECT YOUR HOME
AND YOURSELF WITH

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

MCN 22-172

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16

£1,000 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD No. 30.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 30, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious sets of Answers on one Square were the following eight competitors who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious Set of Answers seen on page 40:

Miss A. Kelm, 145, Hammersmith Road, London, W.
Miss D. Kempson, 39, Brockhurst Street, Palfrey, Walsall.
Miss E. Ridley, 364, North Road, Darlington.
W. Sheldon, 137, Bradford Road, Farnworth, Lancs.
G. S. Smith, 14, Bower Walk, St. John's Lane, Bristol.
J. Stephens, 55, Meadowbank Place, Belfast.
Miss F. Tait, 22, Kingston Terrace, Sunderland.
Miss M. A. Williams, 3, Ashburn Gardens, London, S.W.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the £750 First Prize and a cheque for £93 15s. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, September 8, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 59 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £2 10s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An additional Holiday Bonus of £100 will be divided between cash prize-winners who used the special "Crossword Gazette" application Coupon which appeared with the announcement of this Competition.

A Bonus Award value £1 will be sent to each Runner-up from whom "John Bull" received two six-penny entries in the same envelope.

A useful Surprise Award for each of the entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised
in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.



COLOSSAL PENSION *plus* FORTUNE FIRST PRIZE

WIN £8 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

OR ONE MONSTER LUMP SUM OF £3,500

FINE SUM OF
£250
BETWEEN
RUNNERS-UP
USE THESE
SQUARES

X-WORD No. 30

SOME STAY
TEARS TAR
RIN P OM
UL DYE CROSS
TONE AFTER
V C RI LEO
TEAK L PEEP
ELL DAME TL
NY RO SAPI SC
D FOOT TAP A
EM CREW PINT
RINKS PRANK

J.B.30

WINNERS ON PAGE 30

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were these seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point competitors who gave the words SHOP or STOP were regarded as having submitted apt answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 30 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

CLUES ACROSS

1. He piles his cab for hire
6. Hiking is best way to appreciate its scenery
9. There's singing and acting together in this
10. Used to how down trees
11. Wheel with no centre
12. How lords and ladies end
13. Unpleasant sounds sometimes come from this
19. Travellers are often found in these
20. Irritates
21. Cheap Jack auctioneer is glad of that of confederate
22. Seaked
24. What horse does, between walk and gallop
26. Middle part of ballad
27. How rebellion starts
28. Kinema's should be convenient if profits are to be made
29. Driving force of big machine is usually this
31. Crossword compiler's pet snake
32. Extremities of dwarf
35. Keep without an interior
37. Donkey with no tail
39. How baby thanks you
40. Man knows more of this through modern discoveries
42. Win back
44. Tiny spot
45. Is more attractive when new

CLUES DOWN

1. Pictures are often held up by these in studios
2. Found in papers and scraps
3. A good one yields enough to please you
4. Begins brightly
5. These tell a tale
6. Army has no use for one with bad character
7. Axe end off axe
8. This is not old
12. Heeling of ship may be caused by this
14. Many retired people live by them
15. Shoe-black easily removes these from shoes
16. Enclosure where seaside band sits is usually this
17. Finish in Southend
18. Bad light makes things difficult for him
21. Shriill cry
24. Car of well-known make is easily this
25. Washing is easier if yours is a good one
26. May prove hard to control without experience
32. Provides ambitious hospital surgeon with experience he needs
34. Countenance
36. Professional, in short
38. Cunning and ends curiously
39. White metal that means cash
41. Apollo with no poi
43. End without end

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the thirty-second of JOHN BULL's entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:-

The Editor of JOHN BULL:
Doctor Laurence Abercrombie, Litt.D.
D.Lit., M.A.;
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, Sept. 24, 1936. The reason which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as directed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form which both puzzle squares are used on. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE and become entitled to enter two additional Gift Squares provided. If making additional entries, one allowed free with each three paid. Make Postal order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and date of /& Co.; write name and address in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, Sept. 11.

2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding property indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, Sept. 24. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, Sept. 23, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosure enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prizes. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £1,500 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

GET THIS FREE HELP

In addition to valuable "Reasons Why" guidance, the "Crossword Gazette" provides Entry Squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free! Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form for "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets" Bulletin on page 42.

LAST DAYS TO WIN THIS GIANT PRIZE!

A FEW more days and JOHN BULL's Record Pension, Cash and Radio Crossword Offer will be part of Competition history and its mighty opportunities beyond your reach for ever.

Yes, that huge Life Pension of £8 a week and that fortune of £1,000—with the alternative choice of the staggering sum of £3,500—can only be yours if you get busy on those fascinating Clues without delay.

More than 70 JOHN BULL Contests have already been won outright and 24 of their winners are drawing Life Pensions. Here is one final opportunity for you to add your name to the list and secure wealth and independence for the rest of your days.

Even if you miss the top of this monster prize-list your reward may be an outstanding one, for the fine sum of £250 is waiting to be divided amongst Runners-up in this Contest. Every winner of £3 or upwards, moreover, will also receive a magnificent £9 9s. "Ferranti" Radio, while additional Radio Surprise Awards can be secured by following the instructions on this page.

If you have yet to complete your squares, you have no time to lose. To secure a place amongst the winners in this Record prize-list, you *must* get your entry to Long Acre by Friday, September 11.

**EXTRA
SQUARES
POST
FREE**

For this Special Contest only you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Other coupons appeared in last week's JOHN BULL. For further squares send penny postcard to JOHN BULL's Crossword Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 32—CLOSING FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1936.

CROSSWORD No. 32

Across: 1. C, 2. B, 4. Y, 6. L, 7. N, 10. L, 13. S, 14. S, 15. S, 16. R, 17. R, 18. R, 19. S, 20. P, 21. N, 22. I, 23. T, 24. T, 25. S, 26. S, 27. R, 28. S, 29. E, 30. T, 31. S, 32. P, 33. B, 34. R, 35. K, 36. B, 37. S, 38. R, 39. M, 40. E, 41. S, 42. A, 43. M, 44. D, 45. O, 46. E, 47. Y, 48. N.

J.B.32

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

**ENTRY
FEE**
for 2 squares
6d.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

P.O. value..... No.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

ENTRY FEE

For two squares, send P.O. for 6d.; for four squares, send 1s.; for six squares, send 1s. 6d., entitling you to enclose one FREE-ENTRY coupon bearing two extra squares.

DON'T FORGET YOUR

**TWO FURTHER ENTRY
FORMS ON OPPOSITE
PAGE WITH**

FREE COUPON

heads "JOHN BULL'S" ENORMOUS RADIO OFFER !

LUXURIOUS 'FERRANTI' ALL-MAINS ALL-WAVE £9.9s RADIO

will be presented by "John Bull" with each Prize of £3 and over for winners having no Electricity supply. Battery Radio will be available



Closing... FRIDAY SEPT. 11

KEEP YOUR COPIES HERE.

These miniature reproductions of "John Bull's" Crossword Squares are for your copies only and will NOT be accepted as entries.



FREE COUPON

The two entry squares on this fourth coupon are Free, provided it is enclosed in the same envelope with three other paid (or prize) coupons from same entrant.

AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL FRIDAY SEPT. 11.



ADDED RADIO SURPRISE AWARDS

One for each Radio winner from whom "John Bull" receives four or more coupons (8 squares including 2 free) in same envelope

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 32—CLOSING FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1936



J.B.32

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1s.

SIGNED

ADDRESS.....

J.B.32

SIGNED

ADDRESS.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 32—CLOSING FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1936



J.B.32

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.

ENTRY FEE
for 6 Squares
1s. 6d.

SIGNED

ADDRESS.....

J.B.32

SIGNED

ADDRESS.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 32, and if used as directed with 3 paid-entry or prize Coupons



J.B.32

FREE COUPON
I enclose THREE paid-entry or prize coupons for Crossword No. 32 and claim this FREE ENTRY accordingly. I agree to all rules and conditions.

SIGNED

ADDRESS.....

J.B.32

ADDRESS ENTRY:—"JOHN BULL" Crossword No. 32
57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

GET THE "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" (COUPON ON PAGE 42.)

WHOSE HOUSE?



It may be yours

THERE'S a red glow in the sky, and a stir of excitement in the streets. Suddenly in the distance is heard the clang and rumble that both thrills and frightens. The fire engine! Nearer and nearer it comes, with bursts of warning from its great bell, the helmeted men who man it swaying to the speed. Somewhere there are flames to be fought, lives to be saved, property to be defended. Every second is precious. Traffic halts, pedestrians scatter from its path.

"Whose house?" That is the question everyone is asking. None of us is immune. The risk of fire is never absent. From the tiniest spark can grow a raging furnace of destruction.

Are your possessions safeguarded? Have you registered for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift?

Could you look for a substantial cheque in time of need?

JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to pay Benefit for damage caused to household effects by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest, the only paper to provide Sickness Benefit.

Accidents in the home and garden, on the field of sport, boating and bathing accidents, children's accidents... these are more benefits which combine to make JOHN BULL'S Free Gift Insurance the most generous and practical in the world.

One registration covers husband, wife, the home, and children (over six and under fifteen).

If you have not yet secured this unique protection against Fire and other perils, sign the forms below without delay.

JOHN BULL Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 5/9/36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department,
125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

Date.....

Use Jd. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if Jd. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 5/9/36

Two Free Catalogues that will Solve your Furnishing troubles

ON pages 16 and 25 readers can obtain free catalogues containing a wide selection of Groups and Suites of Furniture which can be secured on easy payment terms. Crammed full of bargains to facilitate your choice, these catalogues will enable you to order by post under guarantee of satisfaction. Get particulars of these offers by filling in the Coupons. This is the first step to solve your furnishing problems.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER



CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3



YOUR ONE LAST OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE UNIQUE £620,000 DICTIONARY OF 'BULLETS'

FREE!

FREE BOOK OF 10,000 PRIZE HINTS

"KEEP your eyes open for ideas, study the winning efforts for style, enter regularly and, above all, never let your weekly supply of *Bullets Bulletin* run out."

This is the advice of a recent big winner in *Bullets*, Mr. N. Currie, 989, Aikenhead Road, Glasgow. And here, for a few days only, is the best opportunity of securing both free weekly help and a free Dictionary of *Bullets* which you have ever had.

Complete the coupon below and you will do more than make sure of receiving *Bullets Bulletin*, the invaluable guide to the prize-list, every Thursday. For this week only, your twelve weeks' reservation of *Bullets Bulletin* will bring you free a remarkable 3s. 6d. volume which, as scores of winning entrants have testified, is a goldmine of *Bullets* wit and wisdom. This is the Dictionary of *Bullets*, a unique collection of over 10,000 winning efforts for you to enjoy—and learn the way to the prize-list.

With its guidance you can literally study winning *Bullets* from A to Z, for all subjects dealt with in these successful efforts appear in alphabetical order.

What Winners Think

"I am delighted with my copy. The Dictionary of *Bullets* is a wonderful composition, bound to be of immense benefit as well as interest to any entrant." That tribute is from Miss J. K. G. Willson, Dedham, near Colchester—a *Bullets* First Prize-winner.

"It is a splendid book" comes an echoing tribute from a parson "Bulleter" with more than 200 prizes to add weight to his words—The Rev. R. C. Williams, The Rectory, Pallaskey, Co. Limerick. "Not the least part of the Dictionary," observes Mr. Williams, "is the entertaining preface which I have gone through more than once. Altogether, it has given me great encouragement."

Extra Privileges

As a regular reader of *Bullets Bulletin*, besides receiving its invaluable hints and cheery encouragement, you will be able to enter for an instructive Judging Contest in which £30 must be won weekly. With each copy of this bright little weekly, moreover, you will be provided with a free addressed envelope for your "Bullets" entry.

You have only until Saturday, September 12, in which to obtain your free Dictionary of *Bullets* in addition to a supply of *Bullets Bulletin*. Seize this great 2-in-1 opportunity by posting off the coupon below before it is too late!

APPLY AT ONCE - COUPON BELOW

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,043

First Prize, 20s. Weekly for Life,
Family Week at Seaside—or
£500 cash:

G. HOTCHKIN, 15, Woodsley
Avenue, Cleethorpes.

Example: GIRL I LOVE

Bullet: "CLOSER" WHEN "ROAD'S DARK."

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

A. C. DAWSON, 23, Laureston Gardens,
Greenford, Middlesex.

Example: Wise Parson

Bullet: Plays Bridge—And Darts.

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

F. TYLDSLEY, 77, Bradford Road, Farnworth,
Lancs.

Example: Keeps Me Awake

Bullet: "Make Me Like Daddy!"

OTHER PRIZES:

220: J. E. POPPLE, 6, Manor Place, Sleaford.
The Conqueror—Baby—Make "Landing"
Safer!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

218: J. J. SAUNDERS, 18, Burns Avenue,
Blackhall Colliery, West Hartlepool.

Back To War—Lost Heads Lead Hosts.

216: L. McKAY, 42, Churston Gardens,
London, N.

On Wings Of Song—Till Soap "Forced Land-
ing."

214: Mrs. R. A. MOIR, 11, Hollin View, Leeds.

Back To War—Comradeships, I'd Gladly Go.

212: Mrs. A. TRIANCE, Primrose Villa,
Freshwater Bay, I.O.W.

When Skies Are Blue—The "Common" Looks
Wonderful.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

210: R. CHILTON, 34, Church Lane, Balder-
ton, Notts.

Girl I Love—"Nursery." Not "Hot-house"
Kind.

209: R. HODGSON, 169, Scotland Road,
Carlisle.

Chasing Wealth—Down Drain, Sonny's Tears.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

207: E. MOROAN, 12, Gwendoline Terrace,
Maesteg.

Back To War—"Drop" Those "Carrying
Us"!

205: R. H. TURNBULL, 3, Aldin Grange
Terrace, Bearpark, Durham.

Girl I Love—Easily Frightened—Adopts
"Terrors."

203: C. R. MACFARLANE, 7, Carnegie, Port
Glasgow.

If We Knew All—Miners Suffer, Mining
Safer.

201: L. H. BROOKES, 314, Poole Road,
Bournemouth West.

Wise Parson—"Pillar" Helping Us "See."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

200: P. PETRIE, The Garage, Grangehill,
Beith, Ayrshire.

Keeps Me Awake—In "Berth." Sound Sleep.

200: Mrs. BELL, Station House, New-
castle-on-Tyne.

Girl I Love—Ideal—But I've Done!

(Continued on page 43)

FINAL 1-WEEK OFFER

I enclose 6d. Postal Order No. for postage on 12 weeks' "Bullets."—Send my 3s. 6d. Dictionary to address below.
N.B.—If you are already receiving "Bullets" weekly, insert X here and your 12 weeks' "Bullets" will extend your present supply.

GIFT COUPON

Enclose with "Bullets"
entry or Post direct to

Bulletin Dept.,
ODDAMS PRESS LTD.,
30, Bedford Street,
London, W.C.2.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

CLOSING SAT. SEPT. 12

SEPTEMBER 3, 1936

JOHN BULL

Enormous Advance

FIRST PRIZE FOR A BULLET

£500
PLUS *Round the World*
RADIO

74 OTHER FINE DOUBLE PRIZES

£15 PLUS RADIO £10 PLUS RADIO £9 PLUS RADIO

3 of £5 EACH PLUS RADIO

3 of £3 EACH PLUS RADIO

50 of £1 EACH PLUS RADIO

YOUR
Superb 'Round the World'
RADIO

will be the Magnificent All-Wave "Vidor" from this year's Radio Exhibition, enabling you to listen to America, Australia and other far-off stations as well as home and Continental broadcasts. Battery set can be arranged if required.

VALUE
£10-10s

75 BIG CASH-PLUS-RADIO PRIZES IN GIGANTIC ONE-WEEK OFFER!

HEADING the long list of Bullets prizes, whose total value exceeds the astonishing sum of £1,600, is a splendid 3-in-1 First Prize, consisting of a £500 Fortune and a luxurious "Round the World" "Vidor" Receiver. Each of this Contest's next 74 cash prize-winners will also receive one of these marvellous All-wave instruments, on which listeners can hear not only home and European stations but also South Africa and even Australia under favourable conditions.

The tone and clearness of my "Vidor" Receiver are amazing. It is a prize worthy of JOHN BULL and will provide us with hours of entertainment where our own Set would be useless.

This is the tribute paid to her Bullets "Vidor" Radio by Miss M. Kay, 18, Park Road, Edenhfield—and now a few simple words on one of the coupons on this page can bring to your door an even finer instrument produced by the same manufacturers, together with a substantial cheque.

But remember this—to capture one of this week's great new 3-in-1 prizes or other awards, you have this one seven-day opportunity only.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

To make a Bullet, read slowly through the Examples and select a few that appeal to you particularly, jotting down against each chosen Example all the rough ideas it suggests to your mind. Your finished Bullets, remember, must each consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, so you must next polish up your rough notes into efforts that are phrased in winning style.

Suppose, for instance, that against the Example SHUT UP you had scribbled down Not Father After Several Drinks. After a few minutes' thought, you could readily condense and improve this to the typical Bullet, SHUT UP—AFTER "EIGHT"? Not Dad!

Before you start on your own efforts, study the good points of the winning Bullets in our 1,040th Contest on the opposite page.

Then turn to the Examples with confidence and see that your entry is posted to reach the judges by Saturday, September 12.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

GAMBLER HITLER
TRAGEDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT
TO WHO SUCCESS
BRITANNIA'S UMBRELLA
FOOD FOR ALL
MY WORLD
IN HISTORY'S PAGEANT
THE OPPOSITION
RUINED THE WEDDING
PREACHING
KEEP YOUR CHIN UP AND
NOW HE CAN TALK
TO GET ROUND HER
HINT FROM FATHER
OFFICE SLOTH
THICK-SKINNED
YOUNG TURK
BRAVE AS A LION
SHUT UP
STARTED HER
WHEN SHE LOOKS LIKE THAT
"THAT'S TORN IT!"
ADRIAT
WEIGHING THINGS UP
DOESN'T MATTER
BY KING PERMISSION
AT OUR BAZAAR
SEEKING THE SIGHTS
EVERYBODY STARED WHEN
IN THE LABORATORY
CRUMPLED UP
UNPETERED
THANKS TO THE POLITICIANS
BUSINESS IS BETTER, SO
THROUGH THE YEARS
REGULAR JOB

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "CASH". Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

"BULLETS" RESULT, NO. 1,040
(continued from page 42)

26. Mrs. H. LOGAN, 30, Broomfield, Lanark.
End Of The League—Certain—League's Uncertainty Endless.
25 10s. Mrs. L. SKINNER, 3, Elderton Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Keeps Me Awake—"Slew"—Problem, Keeping "Punch."
25. W. HODGES, 5, Commercial Street, Ynysddu.
When Grandpa Proposed—Stilled—But Still Tied!

3 Prizes of £2 10s. EACH:
P. DICKERSON, 66, Dickens Road, East Ham.
Said Teacher To Sonny—"Now Copy Smith's Behaviour!"
R. LOCKRILL, 74, North Street, Hornchurch.
Our Daily Bread—Landlady Bought Weekly. Apparently.
DOLLERY, 5, Ripon Road, Redcar.
Keeps Me Awake—Pony's Sweetheart—And Daughter's!
A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

**WHO WANTS
A 3s. 6d.
DICTIONARY
OF "BULLETS"
FREE!**

★ REMEMBER TO ENCLOSE OIFT
COUPON FROM OPPOSITE PAGE

500 of 2s. 6d.
3,000 DOUBLE-
STAR TARGETS
5,000 STAR
TARGETS

**ONE
WEEK ONLY**

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,044)

P.O.
No.

Signed

Closing
SAT.,
Sept. 12.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Address

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,044)

P.O.
No.

Signed

Closing
SAT.,
Sept. 12.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Address

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,044)

P.O.
No.

Signed

Closing
SAT.,
Sept. 12.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Address

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,044)

P.O.
No.

Signed

Closing
SAT.,
Sept. 12.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Address

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper. NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £3 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,044 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,040 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Goldthorpe 3, Gaythorne Road, Bradford.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,044, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.O.2 (Comp.)



New Health Discovery— "Blood-Stimulation"

Elasto

REGISTERED

For the Veins, Arteries and Heart

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood. Owing to this lack the body is unable to

build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; the real basis of sound health.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is absorbed directly into the

blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Twelve Thousand Miles of Blood Vessels!

YOUR body contains, according to latest scientific computation, twelve thousand miles of blood vessels. Think of that—12,000 miles! Sufficient to stretch half way round the world. This wonderful pipe-line of the blood consists of arteries, capillaries and veins communicating with that marvellous pumping station the heart. By means of this vital pipe-line, the blood is carried to every one of the millions upon millions of the cells of the body, to nourish; to cleanse; and to renew. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood-stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health MUST result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science.

Read What Users of Elasto Say

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"All signs of phlebitis gone."

"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."

"Elasto has cured my bad legs."

"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"My doctor highly praises Elasto."

"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved."

"Now free from piles."

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."

"I am now free from pain."

"My skin is as soft as velvet." Etc.

Take Elasto for:-

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